

The Nation

VOL. XXVIII., No. 13.]
Postage U.K. and Abroad 1d.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1920.

[PRICE 9D.
Registered as a Newspaper.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	441	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		S. H. Dainow, William	
Law and Gospel ...	444	Stearns Davis, G. A. Parry,	
The Deepening Shadow of		John Morley Eagers, and	
Unemployment ...	444	others ...	455
THE DYE TRUST'S SHARE ...	446	POETRY:—	
ART AND EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.		Dies IRE. R. L. G. ...	456
By H. N. Brailsford ...	447	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
A LONDON DIARY. By A		H. J. M. ...	457
Wayfarer ...	448	REVIEWS:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		A New Poet of Islam ...	458
India's Saint. By Josiah		Children of the Slaves ...	458
Wedgwood ...	450	How Not and How To ...	459
A Haunted House ...	450	A Boston Impressionist ...	460
A Last Refuge ...	452	Avian Memoirs and Bio-	
THE DRAMA:—		graphy ...	460
A Midsummer Night's Dream.		BOOKS IN BRIEF ...	461
By Frank Swinnerton ...	453	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
SHORT STUDIES:—		Our City Editor ...	462
The Praying Wheel. By			
Arnold Hollriegel ...	454		

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE Government have slightly changed the method, though not the purpose, of their Irish policy by emphasizing the part of their "regular" soldiers and slightly cold-shouldering the irregular ones. At least, this is the case if it be true that General Tudor, the head of the auxiliaries, has gone on an "indefinite holiday," while General Macready has reminded members of his *corps d'élite* and other ornaments of the Crown forces that if they are caught murdering and robbing any more Irish civilians, they may be shot. We shall now see what happens to the estimable Mr. Harte, who has just killed Canon Magner and an Irish boy on a public road. Mr. Harte was first declared to be mad, and then to be on the verge of delirium tremens. As the latter complaint is not a mental one, Mr. Harte is, apparently, to stand his trial before his brother soldiers, though not before a jury of the outraged Irish. Meanwhile, there is every sign that the second phase of the Government's military action will be fully as barbarous as the first. Two district commanders have notified that Sinn Fein leaders will be carried on military lorries and shot in the case of attack. Two men have actually suffered this fate, though no suggestion is made that their captors had been fired on. This policy of putting hostages in the line of fire was fiercely attacked by Mr. George when we adopted it in the South African War, and by the whole nation when the Germans put it in force in the valley of the Lys and elsewhere. Furthermore, the Aran islands, one of the loveliest spots on God's earth, inhabited by a simple and charming fisher-folk, who speak no English, have been invaded, and two of the islanders killed while "trying to escape." It is not stated whether this deed of blood was done in the Valley of the Seven Churches.

* * *

As for negotiation, such outrages as these (hundreds are unchronicled) put it out of the question, and the retort of the rebels is as fierce as ever. A policeman has been shot in Dublin in his sweetheart's company, and there have been small battles between the Volunteers in Tipperary and Kilkenny, with heavy losses on both

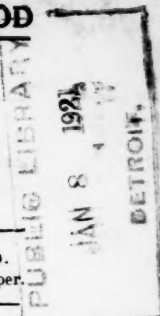
sides. The thin line of communication which Mr. George set up with Sinn Fein has also been broken. Father O'Flanagan has repudiated such peace-making, and the Bishop of Cork, while denouncing the murders and threatening their doers with excommunication, fiercely charges the arson at Cork on the Government, and has flung back the condolences of Dublin Castle on the death of Canon Magner. Thus Mr. George's plan to divide the two sections of the Republicans, and to cut off support for Sinn Fein from the Church, has failed from the violence of its military agents. They are not only violent but in open revolt against peace, for Sir Hamar Greenwood's organ, "The Weekly Summary," denounces a truce, and declares for a renewal of the war *à outrance*. That has never been interrupted: but in this maze of treacherous dealing there seems to have been a point at which the Prime Minister raised at least the suspicion that he had changed his mind.

* * *

THE Home Rule Bill, as it emerges from the combined or conflicting efforts of the two Houses, is more emphatically than ever a Bill for the aggrandisement of the Ulster Unionists. In its original form the Bill put six counties in Ulster on the same footing as the rest of Ireland. If Ireland ever has a single Irish Council, these six counties are to have representation on that Council equal to that of the remaining twenty-six. This is a grotesque injustice. But as amended the Bill is worse. The House of Lords has inserted an amendment providing a Senate for Southern Ireland to consist of sixty-one members. Of these, seventeen are to be nominated by the Lord-Lieutenant, sixteen are to be Peers, eight members of His Majesty's Privy Council, four Catholic Bishops, two Protestant Bishops, fourteen representatives of the County Councils. It is obvious that this arrangement gives representation on an extravagant scale to the Peers and official classes. Turn to the plan for the Senate in the six counties. There are two ex-officio Senators, the Lord Mayor of Belfast and the Mayor of Londonderry. The remaining Senators are to be elected by the members of the House of Commons "in such manner as that House may determine."

* * *

It is no wonder that Mr. Devlin made a passionate protest against this arrangement. Protection is given in this extravagant form to the 300,000 Protestants in South Ireland, and no protection is given at all to the 400,000 Catholics in the Northern Parliament. Cardinal Logue pointed out in the "Times" a short time ago that this large Catholic minority is left without any security. What makes the discrepancy more glaring is that whereas there is no tradition of persecution of Protestants in the South, 10,000 Catholics were driven from their employment and their homes in Belfast only last September. A thousand soldiers who had fought in the war were among their victims. The Government did nothing for them, evidently holding that a man did not obtain any moral claim by fighting for self-determination unless he was prepared also to fight against it. Parliament now proposes to let the Ulster House of Commons choose its Second Chamber, just as it invited the Orange leaders to choose the special constables that were to keep order in Ulster. We should have thought that for the mere



look of the thing the Government would have wished to avoid so palpable a confession of its complete dependence on Sir Edward Carson. Presumably they had no choice.

* * *

THE Government has at last been spurred by criticism and fear into panic activity in regard to unemployment. Although, as the Prime Minister admitted, the Cabinet Committee has been considering the question for five months the new measures announced by Dr. Macnamara in the debate on Tuesday, were obviously the result of haste. Hardly a member outside the Government could be found to contend that they were adequate, and the House was clearly disappointed and apprehensive. The complete programme consists of four parts. The building trade dilution proposals have been enlarged by an offer to the unions of £5 for each ex-service man accepted as a member, and it is suggested that if 50,000 are taken in the resulting fund of £250,000 will form the nucleus of an adequate scheme to guarantee the building operatives against unemployment in future. The road construction and repair proposals remain unchanged. An Act, rushed through in the last hours of the session, temporarily suspends the four weeks' qualification for unemployment insurance benefit, and enables the benefit to be paid to persons who were out of work when the principal Act came into operation. A central committee, under the chairmanship of Lord St. Davids, has been established to administer a fund of £3,000,000 to help local authorities to carry out relief work schemes other than roads and housing.

* * *

LABOR members objected as strongly as other speakers to the bribe to the building trade unions, on the ground that it made an invidious distinction. To the suggestion that a straight offer of guarantees against unemployment would have been far preferable, and would have satisfied the unions, the Prime Minister (having already discriminated by the £5 offer) airily asked why builders should demand guarantees above men in other industries. He ignored the point that no other unions have been asked in peace time to do what is required of the builders. As to road construction, the illuminating fact was elicited that although these schemes were devised many weeks ago, fewer than 5,000 men have yet been employed. The allocation of three millions for special relief works could in any circumstances only meet a part of the need which the rest of the programme fails to cover, but the conditions attached to the grants impair the usefulness of the measure from the start. The overburdened authorities must meet from the rates seventy per cent. of the labor costs and also the cost of materials, while schemes must be approved by the "appropriate Government departments," whose capacity for delay is notorious. The Government gave no estimate of the number of persons they expect to find work for by these schemes, nor did they pretend that a large amount of extreme privation would not be left for amelioration by private charity. As to the women and middle-aged sedentary workers, the problem of saving them from destitution and misery might not exist for all the attention Government speakers bestowed upon it. As for the "heroes," they can take Mr. George's advice and emigrate, their "homes" being not quite ready for them.

* * *

KING CONSTANTINE has returned in triumph to his capital, whose people, with choirs of peasants, and processions of girls in ancient costume, round the illuminated Acropolis, received him with every demonstration of joy and affection. His address promised strict adherence to the Constitution, the development of "our very good

relations" with the Allies, and the strengthening of "the ties with gallant Serbia." The reference to Roumania sounded less ironical, for in this case, the ties are being consolidated by no less than two royal marriages. The Allies, meanwhile, have ordered a diplomatic boycott of the Court. The precedent in the case of King Peter of Serbia, whose offences were long ago condoned, may give confidence to King Constantine to hold out. The various purges of M. Venizelos, who removed judges, professors, and officers wholesale from their posts, are being rapidly undone. One sign of the times is worth noting. The Trade Unions of the Piræus, which are somewhat radical, joined in the popular welcome, not so much, we imagine, because they are strongly royalist, as because they had felt the very heavy hand of the "Liberal" dictator.

* * *

THE League of Nations Assembly ended its sessions last Saturday, after five weeks of strenuous, and, by comparison with the record of any national Parliament, fairly productive labor. The most tangible issue of the discussions has been the establishment of the Court of International Justice, on a basis which, while compulsory jurisdiction is not imposed, makes it possible for any Member of the League to place itself voluntarily under such jurisdiction over a wide field of possible controversy. But apart from the Court a good deal has been done, both in the creation of the so-called technical organizations—economic, health, communications and transit—and in clearing the ground for practical work which cannot bear fruit till next Assembly. In the matter of armaments hopes have been completely disappointed, so far as they have been centred in an instant and decisive attack on the disarmament problem. All that can be said is that if the result of the Geneva meetings is to ratify the St. Germain agreement for the control of the export of arms from civilized countries, the Powers may begin to eliminate the curse of private trade in armaments. The other and very weak advance is the adoption (by some Governments) of the recommendation (*voeu*) that the military expenditure in their coming Budgets shall be regarded as a maximum, not to be exceeded in the succeeding two years.

* * *

If, broadly speaking, the League can never be better than the Governments that compose it, there were signs at Geneva of its wanting to be better. Governments act in isolation through the medium of a stilted diplomacy. At Geneva there were at least men in contact with men, and they visibly influenced one another. But for that the Assembly could never have preserved its cohesion unbroken through five weeks of delicate or embarrassing debate. So it happened that while, under the unanimity clause, the whole body had nearly always to go the pace of the slowest, the slowest were stirred up to an appreciable improvement on their normal gait by the example and persuasion of the more progressive. It was obvious at the outset that what the Assembly needed most was leadership. Great Britain, for one, did next to nothing to supply this want, save in the person of the one delegate who had stipulated that he should go with hands free and unpledged to support of the policies of a Government of which he was not a member.

* * *

BEFORE the Assembly was a fortnight old Mr. Barnes had shown himself one of the most sincere and most courageous of the half dozen or more delegates who, under the tacitly recognized leadership of Lord Robert Cecil, kept the ideals of a sane liberalism to the fore. That half-dozen includes Dr. Nansen,

M. Motta, the President of the Swiss Republic, and one of the discoverers of the Assembly, Mr. Newton Rowell of Canada. M. Branting was a great disappointment. He seemed to be somewhat in the hands of the French, and he suffered also from a lack of fluency in the two official languages of the conference. In the second rather than the first rank of merit, should be added some of the Dutch and Scandinavian delegates, and without that qualification Signor Schanzer, of Italy. Signor Tittoni, the original head of the Italian delegation, remained only for the first half of the Assembly, and was generally well on the liberal side of the fence. But his insistence on the problems of economics and raw material overshadowed his general political thought.

CONSERVATISM (or reaction) in the Assembly, spoke through Mr. Balfour and the French delegation. The latter were uniformly intransigent (though rather less so than the Poincaré-Pertinax school) on the question of Germany. But they were not so emphatic or insistent in their denial of the democratic rights of the Assembly as the chief British delegate, in his petulant protest against the claims of the Assembly to have a status in the matter of mandates. M. Viviani's rhetorical powers made him a formidable advocate in a body consisting as to fifty per cent. of its membership of Latins. Their response to the French orator's appeal was at once instructive and disquieting. But the French delegation rather modified its attitude as the Assembly progressed. What at first promised to be a sustained antagonism between M. Viviani and Lord Robert Cecil softened into something like an alliance. It was Viviani, who in conjunction with Newton Rowell, drew up the report, unanimously adopted by the Assembly, laying down the vital principle that when a member of the Council or Assembly voted specifically as representative of his Government. This was one good French deed Mr. Balfour has barely a single white mark to his credit.

LORD ROBERT CECIL is to be congratulated on securing the admission of Albania to the League of Nations, in spite of Mr. Fisher's original opposition. This is the first international recognition of its status, since our Foreign Office, in the Italian Secret Treaty, tore up the Convention, barely three years old, which made it a sovereign and neutral State under the Guarantee of the Concert. The hateful scheme of partition is thus defeated, while the Italian protectorate was ended, as much by the unwillingness of the Italian troops to fight for it as by the courage of the Albanians themselves. Since the sudden end of their evil genius Essad, the Albanians have managed to consolidate themselves into a fairly homogeneous Republic, which has, we should say, at least as good a prospect of survival and progress as, say, any of the minor Baltic States. Now that the League has forced its hands, one trusts that the Supreme Council will, in its turn, deign to recognize the existence of Albania. A very little help would go a long way towards restoring its ravaged existence. Its frontiers ought to be at least those laid down by the London Conference. The Greek claim to Koritsa, economically a vital point, we have always held to be indefensible, and the Concert, after full inquiry on the spot in 1913, assigned it to Albania. Now that the mania for rewarding the courtier-like talents of M. Venizelos no longer obstructs the vision of the Allies in plain matters of nationality, one hopes that Albania may come by her own.

THE Conference on Reparations which has begun at Brussels has resolved itself into a series of businesslike private discussions between individual experts. That

would seem to be the best method of arriving at the facts. But if the "Times" is as well-informed as usual in such matters, no approach to an understanding seems possible. It published on Tuesday the details of "one definite proposal" (which we should guess to be that of France) "already before the Conference." It suggests spreading the payments over forty-two years, rising by three gradations as time goes on. The total amount reaches a figure which we should have thought beyond the imagination of any sane Government at this stage—13,450 millions sterling in gold. The detailed plan provides for a loan to be issued by Germany on the security of her customs, and also for the mortgaging of her industrial securities, while the increase of her customs dues and indirect taxes is provided for, whereas the German Budgets prefer to rely on direct taxes, including a capital levy. Our imagination wholly fails to picture a world in which the Allies will mount guard unitedly over a nation of German debt-slaves for forty-two years. The total amount is about six times what might be fairly exacted under the Fourteen Points, and even more wildly beyond the capacity of this broken country to pay.

UPPER SILESIA is, after the Ruhr coalfield, the region in which the destinies of Central Europe are being decided. If its coal is lost to Germany the dream of ever balancing her budget will be more fantastically remote than ever, while under Polish rule the decline of its output would probably be catastrophic. The news that leaks out about the system under which the *plébiscite* campaign is being conducted is far from reassuring. The control, under the presidency of the French General Le Rond, has been so partial to the Poles that under the forcible protests of the British members of the Commission he had to give way. The General's state of mind may be judged from the fact that he has just expelled Mrs. C. R. Buxton, of the Save the Children Fund, who had come to study the conditions of child life among the mining population, as she lately did in the Ruhr. The Polish campaign is being organized by Mr. Korfanti, a Posen Pole, who unites German method with Polish passion. Both sides are said to be arguing and bribing, but the Poles have the bigger funds, and with the favor (and money) of the French, they have embarked on a regular campaign of intimidation. Korfanti has in plain words threatened a massacre of the German population, if the result is unfavorable to Poland.

THE NATION has received a number of cables from Egypt, signed by members of the Legislative Assembly and of the Provincial Councils, notables, sheikhs, advocates, doctors, mayors, merchants, students, workmen, and peasants in various towns and districts. They are all to the same effect. Some of them are simply protests against the Protectorate. Others demand that it should be denounced as a preliminary to any further negotiations by Zaghoul Pasha. The following is a typical message:—

"The undersigned representative Egyptians protest energetically against the maintenance of the Protectorate against the will of the Egyptian people, consider it destructive of Anglo-Egyptian unity, and an insurmountable obstacle to the future cordial relations which Egyptians desire, on the basis that the British should respect Egyptian independence, while properly safeguarding British interests. They declare that they support the abolition of the Protectorate."

We have only to add that we believe that the country is united in the desire to take the Protectorate formally and fully out of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty.

Politics and Affairs.

LAW AND GOSPEL.

"Civilization—the true civilization—exists . . . It is the Man who said, 'Love one another,' or 'Return good for evil.' But for two thousand years these phrases have been merely repeated."—From Duhamel's "Civilization."

It is impossible, we hope, for us nominally Christian folk to celebrate the birth of Jesus without a feeling of shame, or even of hypocrisy. What, we must think, have we to do with him, or he with us? What, in fact, *should* we do if he re-appeared in our society? It is clear that we should not recognize him, and that long before three years of his Ministry had expired State and Church would combine against him in the old Judæan fashion, to bully, to betray, and to kill. In truth, there would be no need for Jesus to essay a second travail. We are known by our fruits. For six years not a Christian deed has been done in the name of any Christian nation, nor, save in mockery of man's despair or in vain appeal to the moral sense of his rulers, has one Christian word been spoken in their behalf. It may even be said that our Christianity, professed but not followed, does us more harm than good, for while we use it to consecrate war, and to cloak greed and polity as religion, we mask our souls with a new and deep falsification. The Christian world is a simple dwelling, built for humble-minded men. We rear our proud temples on self-love and the depreciation of our neighbor. Worshipers of Moloch and Mammon, of Power and of Empire, would it not be better for us to own up, and, confessing that the God we worship lives not in the spirit of Jesus, follow a frank Diabolism in place of a sham Christianity?

Well, that would be a counsel of honesty for our rulers, but it would be one of despair and final ruin for the world. Society has, indeed, become a scene of suffering and discontent. But after what has happened, could we expect it to be anything else? If happiness had followed such a Treaty as that of Versailles, or, conversely, as the peace that Germany would have made had she been victorious, then, indeed, the soothsayers might well have proclaimed the downfall of the Gospel of Jesus, and the triumph of its assailant. A pagan world might have celebrated such an event, and settled down to the job of "assimilating" its victims, but not a community of Christian peoples, each of them enjoined by its religion to cherish the other. They did indeed go unwarned into the catastrophe that has befallen them. But now that their eyes are opened, they must see that what their rulers sowed for their enemies, they have reaped, and that on the principles and the policy of the war no nation can live. Once that discovery is made and applied, there is no reason for despair, but, on the contrary, every hope of the amendment of civilization. And it is being made. One by one the landmarks of 1914 recede. It is probable that excessive private wealth will disappear as the result of the general impoverishment of the war. Excellent. It is certain that every statesman and Government that made the war (most have gone already) will be broken or fall into discredit. A good riddance. It is clear that every fresh trial of force by these rulers will yield decreasing results, until, by one means or another, by the failure of money and credit, the direct or the indirect action of the workers, or the passive resistance of whole communities, it is forbidden or rendered innocuous. It is probable that a great number of experiments will be made in industry, tending either to modify the capitalist system or to

abolish it. Thus the inevitable struggle between the better and the worse elements in civilization has begun, and at Geneva and elsewhere the re-militarized Powers are confronted, even in their own Governments, with the demand for a standard of international justice and humanity. Everywhere, therefore, the false society that made the war and that the Treaty set up again is crumbling. Science, the great renovator, looks askance at a second enlistment with Death. The smaller nations, strengthened by their abstinence from war, begin to refuse submission to the tyranny of the great, and if they are threatened again, will form protective leagues of their own. Met with force, they will resort to the equalizing aid of science, or counter the Empires on the ground of spiritual power in which they excel. Thus Ireland has her chance to overcome England, and the East to recover its freedom from the West.

He must be blind, indeed, who does not see in this world-revolt an essentially religious movement, in which our crude materialism will meet and be overthrown by the appeal to sympathetic understanding and love. It was fated that the Churches, which preach Christianity as a professional mystery which few can comprehend, rather than as a rule of life which all can follow, should ignore this sign in the heavens, or treat it as a vision of judgment on their special enemies rather than of mercy and relief to all mankind. Nevertheless, a relief it is. For evils which are implanted in the thought and practice of the modern State must end by destroying it. The acts of cruelty and licence of which the national soldiery have been guilty in White and Red Russia, in Poland, and in Ireland, have been crimes of society rather than of individuals, and the men who must stand at the bar to answer for them are the directors of church and school, of politics and the press. Save for the war, most of the boys who committed them would have followed the plough, or tended the loom, and lived in as much innocence and happiness as our still primitive culture and moral growth allow. But the world which threw away or depraved its youth in a senseless quarrel, and let the peace blight the childhood of Central Europe, is not a sane or a possible social organization. For six years man has thrown every constructive and provident contrivance away, and lived like a wolf-pack in a hard winter. But all the while his table was spread, and none need have ravened on his neighbor. Then why need we suffer more? Why die, as we are dying, in our sins? We know the Law, and how terribly it has prevailed against the outrage of our de-civilization. But there is the gospel too. The genius of Christianity came from the soul of man and lives there still, an unexhausted and incalculable treasure of practical wisdom, and a promise to him of eventual mastery of the almost forgotten Art of Life.

THE DEEPENING SHADOW OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

A GOVERNMENT whose sole claim to Christianity consists in taking no thought for the morrow has suddenly been confronted with a widespread unemployment, and all the poverty, misery, and disorder it entails. It has to improvise, not a remedy, for remedial measures demand the intolerable toil of thought, but some ways of "carrying on," of keeping the trouble on the move, so that it cannot congeal in dangerous lumps, of dispersing it through the whole economic system. Wherever it has adopted a sound preventive method,

such as that of the Unemployment Insurance Act, which throws upon trades the just obligation to keep their own "reserves" of labor, it has been slow and timid, and has hedged its policy with restrictions and qualifications. We suppose we may describe the proposals put forward by the Government this week as well-intentioned. But they follow the lines with which Mr. George has made the country expensively familiar. In other words, they provide an elaborate machinery with holes for pouring in money. Whose money, how got, with what reactions upon industry and production, these are questions which, to the politician of to-day, seem hardly relevant. If money paid over to the building unions will induce them to take on 50,000 dilutees, and so scotch the scandal of unemployed ex-soldiers, why, what is a quarter of a million pounds in payment for such an easement? Local authorities say they cannot push on with roads, housing, and other public improvements, which would find work for their unemployed, for terror of the ratepayer. Well, let the Treasury bear what portion of the burden is necessary to buy off the local wrath. Is the existing Unemployment Insurance Act too narrow to cope with the rush? Then open the sluices and pour in provisional pecuniary aid. Take each piece of the trouble where it presses, and disperse it. Make a National Committee of business men to discover special industrial needs and methods of satisfying them, and come to us for the money.

This is the inevitable policy of a Government that won't make peace and open up foreign markets, won't stop pouring millions of our money into Asia, and won't confront the new psychology of industrial reform. We have a certain amount of sympathy with the lamentations of the College President and the Academic dignitary of the Church who, in the "Times," upbraid the Government for plundering landowners, capitalists, and the business classes in general, in order to force up rates of wages which trade conditions cannot bear, crude as is the political economy of these champions of the master classes. Even the "Morning Post," with its three main causes of unemployment, "strikes, high wages, and slack workmanship," puts considerations that are strictly relevant. Trade as at present conducted in this country is not producing and marketing enough wealth to support the high money wages which in most trades are still being paid. But that is less than half the truth. Trade cannot any more support the high profits to which many manufacturers and merchants and nearly all retailers have grown accustomed during the war-boom and refuse to abandon in lean times. With production, markets, and employment in their present state, it seems clear that both capital and labor are straining after a rate of remuneration which they cannot hold. But this state can only be improved by making it possible to produce and sell at somewhat lower than the present prices the goods which could be produced by a larger employment of labor working more efficiently. Unless the problem is envisaged in some such general terms, the tinkering of the Government will do more harm than good. For the money which it will dole out to trade unions, or local authorities, or Unemployed Committees, will only go to fill up certain conspicuous holes, without adding anything to the total volume of employment in the country. Nay, it is likely that this money, whether taken from the taxpayer, borrowed from the investing public, or printed by the Treasury, will be withdrawn from a more productive use, to be put into a less productive one. Even if it could be diverted from the expenditure of the rich on luxuries to the expenditure of the poor on necessities (a difficult, if desirable, process), its benefits would consist rather in the

relief of destitution than in the enlargement of employment.

One point may well be admitted in the outset of such a discussion. No emergency methods, such as we may be compelled, in the name of humanity and social order, to adopt, can be economically sound and free from dangerous possibilities of reaction. This does not necessarily rule them out, any more than it did during the war itself. But we had best understand what the costs and risks are. We cannot by doles and subsidies diminish the total volume of unemployment. We can only spread it more evenly over the community, and help charity and local effort to cope with it. As for publicly provided employment, it is best kept for such unskilled or semi-skilled workers as are fit for it, and whose complete idleness will be most demoralizing. Skilled workers had better be kept on waiting pay, with no attempt to put them to work, possibly away from home, for which they are unfit. If, however, the Government were prepared for a bolder positive policy, we would gladly see them subsidize employment in slack industries, providing clothing, furniture, and other non-perishable goods, and putting them upon the market, through improvised shops of their own, so as to bring down retail prices to a level which accords with the great fall in wholesale prices.

For it is quite evident that we are here confronted with the same conscious or tacit conspiracy of retailers to keep up prices which America experienced last summer. In one sense it is natural enough. The stocks which retailers hold were largely bought by them before wholesale prices fell, and, if they were to cut retail prices, they stand to lose, at any rate, the high profits to which they had become accustomed. They are preferring to sell more slowly at the old high rates rather than to unload at lower rates, cut their losses, and replenish their stocks by new orders for merchants and manufacturers. It is, however, just for lack of these new orders that many factories and warehouses are choked and shutting down. The American retailers were in the end forced to cut prices by a boycott of consumers. Here enough consumers go on buying at war-prices to enable the shops to keep on in this obstructive policy. For a certain period it was justified by the fact that the rise of retail prices had lagged behind the rise of wholesale. But wholesale prices have come down with a rush, and retailers who have got rid of their old stock are making large profits out of current sales. The slight fall of food and clothing prices registered this month ought to be accelerated. The policy we suggest, bringing further competition into the field, would force down retail prices. There would be risks in this, if it went too fast. But a substantial fall in retail prices is now due, and its effect upon home consumption would react in stimulating industry along all the productive processes.

As for the cruder Labor proposal of £2 a week for unemployed men, 25s. for women, with an additional family allowance, it is only defensible, if at all, as a stop-gap. For it is evident that a continual guarantee of pecuniary aid upon this scale would be financially impossible and economically ruinous. A trade may reasonably make such a provision, with adequate safeguards against its abuse. But without such safeguards, it is only defensible by arguing that a plain, adequate provision of this sort is preferable to the inadequate, but probably equally expensive, method of the Poor Law or other modes of "relief." But supporters of this or any other policy should not lose sight of the only real remedy capable of early application, the restoration of peace, productivity, and purchasing power to the populations of Europe, whom our own post-war behavior has plunged into chaos,

poverty, and misery. Even Sir Edward Carson seems to recognize that the release of Russian flax might help the trade of Belfast. The boots, clothing, ploughs, engines, machinery, which we have the plant, materials, and labor to produce but cannot because there is no market, could be set to work TO-MORROW in anticipation of the huge future demands of the united populations and the depleted materials and plant of Russia, the Central Powers, and Eastern Europe, if the Allied Governments would make a peace that deserved the name and would direct the new, larger co-operation of the nations to a task as essential to the salvation of the world as the narrower alliance for the purposes of war. Open the foreign markets by an international organization of credit; furnish a provisional fund of purchasing power to the enfeebled peoples; help them to get on their industrial feet, so that they may have goods to sell us as well as goods to buy. Until the economic system of Europe is thus, and thus alone, restored, we have no security for our own industrial life.

THE DYE TRUST'S SHARE.

THE history of the Dyestuffs (Import Regulation) Bill, which last week was rushed through the House of Commons, is so typical of the history of Protectionist legislation that it is important to trace its origin and character. This is the more necessary because it is the first of Mr. Lloyd George's hostages to Tariff Reform. Next will come a string of measures designed, under specious disguises, to plunder the people and enrich the favored interests. The principle which underlies all this brigandage was put, with the frankness of his family, nearly twenty years ago, by Mr. Arthur Chamberlain in a remarkable interview which appeared in the "Manchester Guardian." He was discussing, as a manufacturer and as a Free Trader, the propaganda of Tariff Reform which his more famous brother had just initiated, and he used words that ought to be incised in letters of gold round the Central Lobby at Westminster. "*Under Tariff Reform*" (he said) "*I could make more money in an evening in the House of Commons by arranging for the taxation of my opponent's necessities and for the maintenance of a free market for myself than I could make by honest industry in a month. By some change in taxation a manufacturer might make £10,000 or £20,000, and with such a bait as that dangled out we should all be engaged—all the pushing ones—in threatening Members of Parliament and in arranging to vote only for those who would do something for us in return.*" Never was there a more mordant illustration of Mr. Chamberlain's thesis than the Dyestuffs Bill.

Briefly, it is a Bill to prohibit, except under licence, the import of synthetic dyestuffs into this country, not merely from Germany, which was hostile during the war, but from France, which was our Ally, and Switzerland, which was neutral. It sets up a Licensing Committee, which is ostensibly to grant licences where it can be shown that suitable dyes cannot be produced in this country, but which is, of course, intended to obstruct as long as possible the admission of such foreign dyes. The whole of this Committee is mere "eyewash." Its real object is to give the British Dyestuffs Corporation Ltd. and the other combines which have seized on the dyestuffs trade the power to go on charging whatever prices they please to the dye-user—and ultimately to the public—without any of the competition from German-made dyes which they have begun to feel since the Sankey judgment last year shattered the Government's embargo.

To give this valuable privilege to a favored few must always be a doubtful policy, and any Government with a sense of shame would have been specially careful in this instance, for two reasons. In the first place, the Government is itself a large shareholder in the British Dyestuffs Corporation Ltd., holding nearly one-fifth of its capital. It is, therefore, open to the temptation of using its legislative power to pass measures which will enormously aggrandize the commercial company in which it holds so large an interest, and thus appreciate its own investment. But there is another aspect of the Government's action which approaches a grave scandal. For ten months past a sub-committee of the Trusts Committee has been engaged in investigating trusts and combines in the dyestuffs industry. Only last week its members concluded their collection of evidence by visiting Lancashire to view the works and take the evidence of the directors of the British Dyestuffs Corporation. Their report will be, we understand, in the hands of the Board of Trade this year. Yet the Government, after letting thirteen months go by, insisted on rushing this Bill through the House of Commons without waiting another fortnight to hear the report of their own sub-committee. It is quite obvious that the Bill is being hustled through before the House of Commons can be informed of the manner in which the combinations in the dyestuffs industry have treated the consumer while they enjoyed the artificial protection of the war. Mr. Bonar Law, when he was questioned on this shuffle by Major Barnes (who is a member of the sub-committee), replied that that body had nothing to do with the question of imports. But it is evident, even to a child—and the Government are not children—that a consideration of the manner in which a monopoly had been used would be a very relevant consideration before granting another. Taking all the circumstances, we find it difficult to recall a more brazen application of the policy of the Unjust Steward. The brief period which must elapse before the truth is fully revealed makes the whole trick the more audacious.

Major Barnes, M.P., stated in the House that this Dye Trust controlled 75 to 80 per cent. of the dye industry in this country, and its history is very significant. Under Mr. Asquith's Government, owing to the need of coloring materials, British Dyes Ltd. was set up by the dye-users of the country with a capital of which half was provided by the Government, and was limited to a dividend of 6 per cent. That company was not entirely successful, largely because it was occupied, to a large extent at the behest of the Ministry of Munitions, in turning out explosives, and had no time to devote to the higher branches of dye manufacture. The final result was that in August, 1918, it was swallowed up by the highly successful Manchester firm of Levinsteins Ltd., and the two combined in the British Dyestuffs Corporation. This new amalgamation was opposed by many of the color-users, who felt that what was wanted for the promotion of the British industry was a company carried on not for the sake of dividends, but for the development of research—which, by the way, is the fashion the Germans acquired their admitted mastery of the arts of dyestuff manufacture. The directors of British Dyes Ltd., felt this diversion of their purpose so strongly that they resigned, but the Coalition went on. It handed over the Government's investment to the new amalgamation, and the result was that Levinsteins, whose £10 shares stood at £2 10s. before the war, and had risen during the war to £190, were each converted into £133 in the British Dyestuffs Corporation! No wonder that the

pressure of certain interests has since been strong on the weak and flabby virtue of the Coalition. This new amalgamation of August, 1918, provided for no limitation of dividend, and the majority in the Commons definitely declined to make the exclusion of foreign dyes depend either upon the dividend paid by the British Dyestuffs Corporation, or upon the prices they charge the consumer. It is "virgin soil" for the Dyestuffs Trust.

Sir Robert Horne, most frank and astute of men, has two excuses for this corrupting measure. The first is that it has been accepted by 90 per cent. of the color-users, which proves, on refining, to mean the Color Users' Association, which is said to represent 90 per cent. of them. But already it has been strongly condemned by the Calico Printers' Association, which represents more than half of the quantity of dyestuffs used in the country, and a Manchester Tory M.P. stated in the debates that 1,400 textile firms had already written protesting against it. Further, trade unions, representing 90 per cent. of the operatives in the textile trades, wrote to the President of the Board of Trade protesting against this Bill being rushed through the House without their being consulted at all. Sir Robert's second excuse was the supposed safeguard afforded to the color-user by the Licensing Committee, which, by the way, is composed of five dye-users, three dye-makers, and three neutral members who will be the nominees of the Board of Trade. Whenever the dye-makers and the Board of Trade representatives coalesce on the question of granting a licence, there will be a majority against admission. Even if this system were honestly worked, the color-users know that

they will be subjected to an enormous handicap in having to go to a Licensing Committee and argue whether a special shade which their foreign customers want can be produced by the dye-makers in this country, and that delay and expense are certain to occur so long as the British dyer has to ask the Board of Trade where he shall be allowed to buy his materials. But we cannot forget that such licensing systems always end in privilege, favoritism, and discontent. Lord Emmott, a manufacturer of long experience, who was Chairman of the Advisory Committee on Restriction of Imports during the war, said, at Manchester last December, that he knew from experience that at the War Trade Department licensing could not be conducted fairly. The Trusts Committee, which reported on the Electric Lamp combine, discovered that during the war licences were granted for the import of 1½ million half-watt lamps from Holland. The licences were granted only to certain members of the British electric lamp "ring," and they were granted without any condition as to the price at which they should be sold to the consumer. The majority were, it is alleged, sold at reduced prices to the Government and other large consumers, but a certain proportion of them reached the general public thus. They were bought in Holland at 3s. each, the total expenses of freight, packing, and distribution here amounted to 3s. 2½d. more, and they were sold to the user at 12s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each. That is an illustration of how the system of licensing imports works, and we have no doubt that similar transactions will mark the administrative life of this measure. "Take thy bill and write fifty," is its motto.

ART AND EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.

By H. N. BRAILSFORD.

THE word "dictatorship" which Russian Communists use to describe their own monopoly of power in the Socialist State, implies that it will be temporary. Opponents are sceptical, and doubt whether the moment will ever come when the Communists will voluntarily renounce the power which they have seized. There is a test to which one may subject a dictatorship which professes to be temporary. Does it educate? It is difficult to believe in the permanence of any despotism over a well-educated population. Tsardom survived only by reason of the abysmal illiteracy of the old Russia. This must be said emphatically for the Russian Communist Party, that it is preparing its own eventual disappearance. It is ripening the whole Russian people for responsibility and power, by its work for education. It has striven, amid inconceivable difficulties, for the prompt enlightenment of the whole nation. It has, moreover, based its entire system of education, not on any principle of passivity, receptivity, and discipline, but rather on "self-initiative" and activity. The new generation, which will emerge in a few years from these modern Russian schools, will have crossed the spiritual frontier between East and West, and will resemble the passive, indolent, apathetic Russian of the past as little as he resembles the average Englishman.

More than a century ago the French enlightenment and the Revolution which followed it, gave to the belief in the efficacy of education its most ambitious statement. In ten years, thought Turgot, the whole mentality of the French nation might be transformed by universal education, and Condorcet gave to these anticipations their first statement in a legislative code. If the results

in most European countries have been relatively disappointing, the Socialist would answer that the experiment of universal education has everywhere been conducted in the class State. The privileged ruling and employing class has never seriously intended that the children of the manual workers should enjoy, as a whole and in the mass, the same opportunities as its own. The most inspiring thing in Russia is that the Socialist Revolution, instantly and instinctively, began to realize the ideal of universal education, which the interests and prejudices of class have thwarted in the rest of Europe. The intention is, from infancy to adolescence, to make for every Russian child the conditions, both physical and intellectual, which will enable its mind to evolve its utmost capacities. They intend that none of the comforts, none of the pleasures, none of the stimuli, which awaken the powers of a child born in Europe in a cultured middle-class home shall be lacking to the children of the humblest Russian worker. They will not at once attain their full ambition. But this they have achieved. They have broken the barriers which class and poverty had raised against education. I saw, near Petrograd, a big boarding-school formerly reserved for the children of the nobility. To-day about three in four of its inmates are the children of manual workers. They were, in their bearing and manners, as refined as the children whose parents belonged to the *intelligentsia*, as eager to study, and as keen to enjoy the pleasures of art and knowledge to which an admirable staff of teachers introduced them. They were learning handicrafts as well as sciences and languages, and whether they exercise a trade or a profession when they leave school, they will be cultivated

men and women, capable of disciplined thought and aesthetic pleasure.

The guiding idea of the Soviet Republic is to give the children a preference in everything, from food and clothing to less tangible goods. The explanation of this deliberate policy is not sentimental. Communism is a Messianic doctrine which lives for the future and acts with long-sighted vision. Its ambition is to base the greatness of the world's first Socialist Republic upon a generation of children who will be mentally and physically the superiors of the men and women of to-day. Russians are, as a rule, aware, often painfully so, of their inferiority in the world of action to Western peoples. I talked, one night in the train, with a Red Army officer, a simple but active-minded man, who had been a baker in civil life. "What can you expect of us?" he said. "We grew up as slaves. The capitalistic system has ruined us, mind and body. This generation is hopeless. You will see the greatness of Russia only when our children grow up, reared in a Socialist society." That thought penetrates the whole Revolution.

If the Communist Party were able to realize its ideal programme of education, all the children of Russia would be reared, away from their homes, in village colonies or boarding schools. The aim in these institutions is to create an atmosphere of happiness, social duty, freedom, and activity in which the child shall grow up to the utmost stature of which he is capable. Though much has been done to equalize housing conditions in the towns, by quartering working-class families in *bourgeois* houses which were too big for the real needs of their tenants, home conditions are still far from being satisfactory. Many of the parents are ignorant, dirty, and superstitious. The ideal plan, so runs the argument, would be to place the children in common homes, where they will have around them every aid to knowledge and every stimulus to their aesthetic perceptions, learn cleanliness, order, and habits of punctual activity, and escape the incubus of superstition. One need not suppose that the mass of Russian parents, even in the towns, are converted to this plan. The average parent, there as elsewhere, has his fierce possessive instincts. In practice, however, the very difficulties through which Russia is passing to-day, have favored the Communist scheme. Parents who are hard put to it to warm, clothe, and feed their children at home, consent, for their sakes, to let them go to the State colonies and boarding schools.

The official reckoning is that, of the twenty million children in Soviet Russia, two million are living under the roof of State institutions. As yet they provide only for town children. The most picturesque of them are the "colonies," planted, as a rule, in the forests which begin a few miles beyond the suburban area. I saw two of these. In the Sokolniki Park, outside Moscow, the children are housed in the wooden pleasure villas built by Moscow merchants in this big park, much of which is unspoiled forest. Many of the villas were assigned to ailing or tuberculous children, and these latter make wonderfully rapid cures. Others, however, were inhabited by normal children, of all ages and both sexes, up to the age of sixteen. Boys and girls live together, and co-education is, indeed, the universal rule in all Russian schools. It was August, and holiday time, and the children were obviously as happy as the day is long. The younger children went nearly naked and were quaintly proud of their healthy brown skins. Their manners and discipline seemed to me good, and what pleased me most was that they showed not a trace of shyness. Their teachers and nurses were obviously on the best of terms with them, affectionate and maternal in their bearing, and they evidently thought of a strange

visitor, even a foreigner, as part of a world assumed to be friendly. Of the horrible constraint and fear of the old-fashioned English orphanage and "institution," I saw no trace. The villas were clean and tidy, though simply furnished, and the children were learning to be personally clean—a lesson they would never have learned at home. The unique thing here, and, indeed, in all the new Russian schools, was the prominence given to aesthetic culture. Every villa had its piano. The children evidently revelled in drawing and painting, and were encouraged to exercise their creative fancy. Some of their portraits, and even more, their interpretations of Russian fairy tales, showed unusual talent. They vied with each other, moreover, in writing verses. Each little colony had its "Soviet," in which the children, with the aid of a teacher, learned to discuss their own affairs. Even in remote Vladimir, there were some of these colonies, especially a permanent one for tuberculous children, and a big camp, in charge of an enthusiastic young doctor, in which several hundred children of all ages spent the summer under canvas, dividing their time between sports and helpful farm work to assist the peasants.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THERE is a shamelessness about this Government at which, as at a gross story, men laugh or frown according to their temper. Their Bills miscarry or disappear; the Minister in charge puts his pride in his pocket and "carries on." They lie, are found out, and tell the same lie again. They have all policies and none; and any one of their agents is at liberty to disavow any other. They proclaim martial law in Ireland, and the first act of their commanding General is to threaten death to the men who have been carrying out the policy laid down for them with the utmost deliberation. They talk a *patois* of sentimental cant; and do things that would frighten a captain of janissaries. And their success in these and similar operations arises from the fact that no one expects them to be honest or truthful, or to have any principles whatever, or to act with moderate sense and sensibility, or to look an inch beyond their noses or a yard along the muddy track they leave behind them, and is thankful to have an unburned roof over his head at night, and to find a few shillings in his purse to see him through his tradesmen's bills or the tax collector's hourly menace. So while they are cursed in every railway train, and at every meal and meeting place of their victims, their knack of self-protective cunning keeps them moderately safe and well satisfied with their lot. This is the government of England. To get it in its right perspective, you have to think of all the canonised muddlers of the past, and putting past and present together, pray for the relief that would come from the return of the worst of them.

WELL, we are not a political people, and the criticism of such an Administration becomes especially difficult when the mechanism of political thought and action has largely been destroyed. Therefore, while there is universal discontent with the Government, there is no organization of discontent; and complaint dies away into apathy, or vents itself in mere cynical railing. Such work as is done is sectional work—Liberals among Liberals, Labor men among Labor men, Tory Adullamites with each other. But this is the politics of the

conventicle: of men who cannot rise to an occasion, and see a national duty clear. How does this national cause look to-day? Time has brought some slight but still significant changes in the balance of forces. The first is the Tory revolt against Mr. George, and his effort to appease it by straining the little conscience left to the Liberal "Coalies" and steering a course of frank reaction. The second is the revival, not so much of the Liberal party as of Liberal ideas. The third is the very clear demonstration that by itself the Labor Party is unlikely to secure seats enough to give it a clear majority, and thus entitle it to form an unmixed Labor Government. All these things favor a centralizing and unifying movement of sorts. I do not say that even an electoral union is yet possible. But it is clearly a matter to think of and to fit into the new situation.

NATURALLY the crisis in unemployment found our rulers unprepared to meet it. There is no excuse; months ago they were warned of what was coming. But Mr. George was too busy, and the Tories in the Cabinet would not look at a scheme of adequate dimensions. Yet I imagine that the best industrial opinion moves fairly steadily towards the plan of making unemployment a charge on the industry affected, with some help from a central fund, and securing the worker in hard times from more than a moderate pinching (say 10 per cent.) of his wages in full employment. Here is the point at which, if it is wise, capitalism will make its first great concession. Give the worker release from the fear of unemployment, and you destroy a strong motive to slack and to keep a tight hold on the doors of his trade union. Better still, you banish a spectre of industry, a horrid fear that gives the workman no rest.

THE Government must be careful unless it wants to have a second Ireland on its hands. I am afraid that there is no settlement in prospect between it and the Egyptian people or the Egyptian Deputation, which for this purpose may be taken as identical forces. The points of disagreement are the vital ones of the Protectorate and the army of occupation. Egypt's claim on the first point has never varied; it is a simple affirmation that as Britain is willing to waive the Protectorate, we should say so, and score it definitely out of the Treaty of Peace and amity which she is willing to conclude with us. A matter of form, it is said. Not quite. Egypt is afraid that in addition to the administrative powers specifically retained there may exist a general right of interference, of which a British force permanently fixed in the Canal might very well become the agent. "Why," says Egyptian Nationalism, "not leave us to defend the Canal, as we did before your occupation? We will look to it that your interests are maintained. Who, indeed, could disturb them while you retain command of the Mediterranean? Trust us if you mean us to be independent, but do not half-give and half-withdraw." I see no answer to this which is not a purely military and un-Egyptian reply; still less do I follow the statesmanship which having the chance of a friend in Egypt is moving rapidly towards an unfriendly and a gravely disturbed one.

FRANCE will lose in M. Paul Cambon one of the most accomplished of her Ambassadors—his brother Jules was even cleverer—and the Foreign Office its most indefatigable visitor. I am an infrequent visitor to that august department, but I seem to remember that whenever I was there I was sure to meet M. Cambon on

the stairs. If Mr. George said, as the "Times" reports him as saying, that M. Cambon was the man who "dragged England into the war," Mr. George was right, as right as when he said to me that it would ruin civilization. M. Cambon did nothing illegitimate. He simply worked for his country. But if, in the hour when the Government was hesitating, M. Cambon really told the editor or the representative of the "Times" that he did not know whether he would not have to strike the word "honor" out of the English vocabulary, one is obliged to ask how the "honor" of England came to be pledged to a war with Germany without the British people, or a part of the British Cabinet, knowing anything about it? We know that Sir Edward Grey thought himself honorably pledged to France. But Lord Loreburn has put it on record that he did not, and by implication Lord Morley and Mr. Burns (not to mention other members of the Cabinet whose names readily occur to us) were of the same way of thinking. I have never known how this grave passage in our history could be excused on any theory that squares with Liberal or democratic doctrine.

AN American traveller gives me a very serious account of the state of intimidation in which Upper Silesia lives, through the Polish bands, and the military and financial support of the French, bent on completing their work of ruining Germany, and of getting Silesia, by hook or by crook, for their European Ally. The Poles under Korfanti's malign direction continually raid the German districts, enter German homes and public places, terrifying and ill-treating the women, breaking up German meetings, and dissolving German societies. The French-fed propaganda is used to back this brigandage. Banks, hotels, cigar-stores are bought up, so as to create the appearance of a Polish civilization which does not exist, or to stop the Germans from organizing the elections. Hitherto the intimidation has had no great success. In spite of the effort to get the Poles to abstain from voting in the elections to the Reichstag, 70 per cent. of the people went German, including a great many of the Poles. Why? Because the culture is German, and highly developed, and the people do not want to see their country sink back to the squalor and alcoholism of Galicia and Congress Poland. A German defeat, therefore, means more even than despair and economic ruin for Germany. It is simply an act of de-civilization.

I AM very glad to publish the following from "A Welsh Nonconformist":—

"When you are given to understand that the Welsh Congregational Church at Aberystwyth had weeks ago passed a resolution condemning reprisals in Ireland, you will, I am sure, be as ready to own it did not merit the stricture in your second note in your last issue, as you were to acclaim the protest it made against the Premier's Sunday golf in your preceding note.

"It would astonish even 'A Wayfarer' to hear some of the vigorous comments uttered in the vernacular on the reverend advocates of reprisals who, while betraying the teaching of the Master, continue to take the people's pence for presuming to act as His ministers. These comments do not find voice in pulpit or press; but enough is published to show that the best in young Nonconformity in Wales is as disgusted and indignant as you are with the doings of the present Coalition. 'To be honest and loyal to Christ, no Christian should wish the present policy of Britain to prosper, unless he hopes to see the world governed in the devil's own way.' These words—the Rev. J. E. Roberts may be interested to learn—appeared a month ago in the leading columns, not of THE NATION, nor the 'Manchester Guardian,' but in those of the organ in the press of the Welsh Baptists."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

INDIA'S SAINT.

INDIA is drifting into anarchy. To understand what is now happening in India one must first understand Mahatma Gandhi, and then the state of the clay which he is moulding. The saint or Mahatma has India at his feet; the *intelligentsia* differs from him in private, rarely in public; property differs from him and trembles; the Government, any Government, differs from him (because he goes to the root of all Government), and thinks it best to—wait.

The last time I saw him he was sitting cross-legged on a mattress on the floor, eating a dish of rice, and surrounded by a semi-circle of squatting disciples. All he wore was his small white convict cap and a pair of coarse white trousers. "Why have you not brought Mrs. Wedgwood?" said he. On the whole, I was glad I had not, for I know few things more unpleasant than being perched up on a chair, in boots, when all around are silent strangers on the floor.

Gandhi specializes in giving up, in reducing his wants; his recreation is fasting, and making his disciples fast. He looks so physically frail and weak and small that one could carry him as one does a child, and he makes one feel like that towards him. He is as serious as any child, and as pure. All this has captured India. One does not feel it blasphemous to compare him with Christ; and Christ, too, one suspects, gave infinite trouble to reasonable and respectable followers. For Gandhi is a philosophic anarchist—a new edition of Tolstoy, without Tolstoy's past, and a Tolstoy who has long since subdued Nature and shrunk into simplicity.

He tells me that when first he came to London he took lessons in dancing and elocution to fit himself for the polite world. But he is a Jain, peculiarly averse to taking life, and, while still a child, he had already found the efficacy of non-resistance; he now came upon Ruskin's "Unto this Last," and the dancing lessons ceased. A loathing of civilization, especially Western civilization, grew up. He read Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You," and it fitted in. In South Africa, in the early years of the century, he was still nominally a lawyer, but the practice died out, and instead the gaols of the Transvaal and Natal began to be full of his disciples. The last cure for oppression by Government is to be completely indifferent to whatever Government may do. Non-recognition of law, non-co-operation with the State which is the embodiment of civilization, was born in South Africa. It is a terrible weapon, but it can be used only by those who are prepared to lose all. That is a condition which is just beginning to be understood by Indian Nationalists, and they are beginning to shy. It does not deflect the Mahatma. Three times he was gaoled; once he was left for dead, murdered by his own followers for imagined treachery.

In South Africa, too, he wrote his first book, "Indian Home Rule," and sketched the same scheme. If you would destroy English rule, you must go to the root—cease to use the schools and law courts, refuse to plead, go to gaol gladly. "The Western civilization has corrupted you. Cast it out—by non-co-operation." But he is not so much interested in destroying Western rule as Western civilization, Western wants, and the parasitic work of towns. Such cotton clothes as he has are hand-spun, hand-woven, and hand-made. His food (when not fasting) is too simple to create fear of gaol fare. (Only, he does use a high-powered motor and the railway train [third class], and the Philistines jeer!)

All this shows why he has such a hold on India, the land of resignation, and also why the fear of him grows too. He takes the students away from the colleges without asking the parents' leave, saying, "Follow me." Education may be a universal need, but educationalists are a Western product, and they squirm. Pundit Maleviya will even fight for his child, the Benares University. Parliaments and Councils are the machinery of Western government. "Do not join them!" and the Indian politicians, exasperated by Punjab Martial Law, give up them, too, and hand the Councils over to the Moderates. They do not like it, but they obey. I fear he tolerates Democracy as little as Autocracy on account of their last two syllables. Only he cannot get the lawyers to leave their practices or officials to leave their posts. Only—Gandhi himself is not mighty enough to destroy Western civilization, even by precept and practice, or by his hold on the masses—masses crying, "Mahatma Gandhi ki jai"—"to Gandhi the victory," though that victory lead them they know not where. Gandhi alone is not enough to drive India to anarchy. There are his allies, the Moslem fanatics; and there is the Government, which, for fear of prestige, dare not apologize.

The Saint's allies are not of his own sort. Shankat Ali is his stable companion, and Shankat Ali, once a cricketer and now a fanatic, stands seven feet high and five feet broad, in a great green cloak and a high, white astrachan cap. Shankat Ali is a likable, big, bluff, hearty man, when you meet him; but his ideas of the virtues of passive resistance are hardly skin deep. He works up the Moslem "Ulemas" and "Peers," and procures "fetwas," and gets the whole of religious fanaticism boiling. He calls the mixed crowd "brothers," but the only brothers he recognizes are brothers in the faith. The Sultan of Rampur (his native State) has taken from him his family, his goods, and home. He has lost all except his sixteenth-century faith. "Tell the Government that I am too fat to run," he says to those who warn him of imminent arrest.

A revision of the Sevres Treaty will hardly appease Shankat Ali. For him the British are kafirs for whom there is no place in India. And the strength of the non-co-operation movement is among the Moslems. It is the Moslem colleges that the students have deserted or captured. It is the Moslem seats on the Council that find no electors or candidates. It is the recalcitrant Moslems who feel the first and full weight of the social boycott. The Hindoos, writhing under memories of Martial Law, understand neither the man nor the cause, and are a little nervous of the whirlwind; while Shankat and his brother, Mahomed, would even stop cow-killing to cement the alliance and remove the rule of those who have trampled on the Khalifa and on the people of God.

The clay in the hands of these men is India.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

"Is this Shulbrede House?" asked a parlormaid seeking a situation there. The gardener replied it was. "Thank you," she said, "I don't want to see no more." And without even entering the house, she turned and went. A workman, too, bringing in the present owner's furniture, remarked, "Well, you've got pretty country round about you to make up for living in a place like this." So blind, alas! to history and romance is the mind in the street. For consider what that parlormaid and that workman might have seen if only they had eyes to see! Here we have the present owner himself telling us in a

largish book what they might have seen. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby calls his book "The Priory and Manor of Lynchmere and Shulbrede," and it is published by the Wessex Press of Taunton. The whole history of that ruined, but still beautiful, little house, secluded among the Sussex hills, is here unfolded from the time of its foundation in the heart of the forest or Weald, while Richard Lionheart was battering about the world, up to the date of its present occupancy only fifteen years ago. Through all those seven centuries, the walls of Caen and local stone, however mauled and changed, have not been uninhabited; apparently not for a single year. Though ghosts have always room to move, how crammed with ghosts—how over-populated—such a home must be! If you knocked at that door, what a covey of De La Mare's Listeners would harken and make no answer! But to a parlormaid and workman all that cloud of witnesses remained invisible and unimagined.

We are told, first, of one of the many little monasteries scattered over England in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There were some seventy in Sussex alone, besides the great monastic establishments of Battle and Lewes. It was a simple stone building, probably thatched, with narrow windows, probably not glazed or even covered with horn, but fitted with strong shutters against the storms and rain. At some time the inside walls were painted with frescoes in tempera, fragments of which still remain. Especially well preserved is a painting representing green hills, on one of which sits a cock crying with open beak, "Christus natus est." From another a duck asks, "Quando, Quando?" as ducks will. From a third the raven answers, "In hac nocte." "Ubi, ubi?" asks the bull, and the lamb bleats, "In Bethlem." But that painting seems to have been devised only a few years before the monks were driven out and their office ceased, though intended to last for ever. For just as our men of wealth, in about one case to a thousand, seek to perpetuate their names by endowing free libraries or building a hospital wing, so their predecessors endowed little monasteries, in the hope that the prayers of the monks might abbreviate their future sufferings.

This particular monastery, built, like most Augustinian settlements, in a valley by a stream, was founded by a rather conspicuous knight, Ralph de Arderne, in days when the barons were exacting their liberties from the king and needed prayer. But some forty years later another donor, William de Percy, was more explicit; for he made to the Priory the valuable gift of a mill (now Coultershaw mill), with the right of claiming necessary repairs, on condition that the Prior undertook "to provide and keep five Canons in the chapel of Shulbrede to celebrate Divine Service for the souls of William and his ancestors and his heirs for ever." Which Service, we suppose, the present owners feel bound to continue.

The number of Canons seems never to have exceeded five, but, besides the duty of prayer, the little place fulfilled the usual monastic services to the country by providing shelter for wayfarers, and relief for the destitute, no doubt with as much tact and generosity as our present poor-houses and casual wards and Charity Organization Society. Learning was also probably pursued to a certain extent, and the arts, as we have seen. But such pursuits have seldom appealed to our English nature so much as sport, and at certain periods of their history the five Canons of Shulbrede seem to have been famed or notorious for their zeal as poachers and huntsmen in the chase of deer and boar. Mr. Ponsonby tells us that many of the Sussex parks were laid out for the bishops and clergy to hunt in, although a canon *de clerico venatore* forbade them to hunt with hawk or hound merely

for pleasure's sake, but allowed it "for recreation or health"—rather a wide exception.

The pious founder further secured for his Priory the right of holding a fair (apparently at Lynchmere). At first the date was fixed for the Vigil and Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, but it was afterwards changed to the Translation of St. Thomas the Martyr. Now, a fair was a very important and lucrative matter, as fairs and "wakes" still are in many northern towns, and as fairs are in Ireland, when our Government permits them. A fair yielded a comfortable income in tolls, and all local shops were compelled to close beforehand and during its continuance, so as not to compete and reduce the amount of toll. At large fairs, we read, there was a "Court of Pie Powder," or, as we should say, of summary jurisdiction; the phrase being derived from *pieds poudrés*, or dusty feet, because the cases had to be decided in such haste that the litigants had not time to wipe the dust off. We would respectfully suggest that some of our Law Courts, such as the Court of Chancery, might consider changing their name to "Pie Powder Courts." At these Courts, in a fair, a Prior might have the right of sentencing to "thurset," pillory, and even the gallows; and we read that "thurset," or "theweset," was the right of sentencing women to the "thewe," a kind of pillory designed expressly for the amelioration of feminine conduct, though whether milder or more cruel we can only conjecture. Each street of tents and wooden booths erected upon the open fields had a trade of its own, as you still find in Eastern bazaars, and, sometimes, in modern English fairs. The principal trade was done in ironmongery, cloth, wool, leather, and books, the last article becoming very important after the invention of printing. Think of the joy in the forests at having something to read during the long, muddy winters (and Sussex was notorious for its mud)! That joy reconciles us to the loss of the illuminated manuscripts upon which artistic monks expended their love of beauty. Besides, to the fair crowded mummers, jugglers, tumblers, and beggars of the road. It must have been something like Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday, except that "it was not uncommon to oblige every man to take an oath before he was admitted that he would neither lie nor steal nor cheat while he continues at the fair." That is an oath which Hampstead does not exact.

We know the dress of the Canons, and we know something of their daily routine. Among the Augustinians the rule of dress was not very rigid. Some wore entirely white, some black and white; but the black habit was the most usual, for which reason they were called "The Black Canons." They often wore beards, and covered their heads with a four-sided cap, like the ordinary biretta. Their regular day began soon after midnight, a bell calling them to Matins, which were followed immediately by Lauds. After that they were permitted to sleep again till Prime at seven, when they got up and started the day in earnest. After their "Mixtum," or breakfast, a simple mixture of bread and wine or beer, they attended morning Mass at 8.15, and then a great bell rang for the Chapter, where questions of discipline and management were considered as in an Army Orderly Room. High Mass came at ten; dinner at eleven, accompanied by readings from the Bible. The afternoon was beguiled by business, gardening, fishing, bowls, archery, and other sports. In the evening came Vespers, and after they had well washed in the lavatory, the Canons passed into the Frater, or refectory, for supper. An hour later they moved to the Chapter House for a reading called "collation"; we suppose the origin of the "cold collation," as a public lunch is sometimes called, though the reading has been dropped. Compline

fell at seven in winter, and at eight in summer. Then private prayers, and so to bed till midnight matins sounded again.

It was a regular, quiet, and fairly industrious life. The five Canons of Shulbrede must have felt something like a rather rigorous reading party of University men in the Long Vac., except that their Vac. would last till death, and there would be no examination; at all events not till then. One longs for more information, especially about their inner life. What did they think of their own position? With what feelings did they reflect upon their separation from the common world, their abandonment of all the common interests of human society, marriage, parentage, the ordinary association with women—all renounced, at all events, ostensibly, and in nearly all cases probably "for good"? Was that little community rent by discord, envy, jealousy, and malice? Did the Canons curse each other over trifles, like Browning's monk, soliloquizing in a Spanish Cloister? It would all depend on the times, the spirit of faith and devotion, the disposition of the men themselves. The temper usual in secluded almshouses is not encouraging, but the inhabitants there are generally uneducated and peevish with age. It may be just possible for five men to live together without developing homicidal mania, though the present writer would be very unwilling to try it. We long to know more, but, except perhaps in Jocelyn's account of Abbot Samson at Bury St. Edmund's, known chiefly through Carlyle's "Past and Present," we remember no trustworthy or contemporary record.

All we really know is that these communities, great and small, were once scattered widely throughout England, that they were suddenly wiped out, and that many of our wealthiest landowners have ever since fattened upon their dedicated lands. Whether the change has been of advantage to the country, apart from the obvious advantages to the upstart aristocracy, as they then were, is a difficult question. The Poor Laws have never been a conspicuous success, and the relief of the destitute and unemployed puzzles us still. In most cases the monks and Canons, at all events, fed themselves, which is more than can be said of their successors, and in some cases they did maintain a certain standard of art and learning which their successors have never thought of.

As to the supposed scandals which were Henry VIII.'s chief excuse for the abolition of the monasteries (although, indeed, his own manner of life was not entirely above reproach), we agree with Mr. Ponsonby that the charges against some of the establishments appear to have been exaggerated. The visitor who was sent by Thomas Cromwell to Sussex, for instance—one Richard Layton, "a professour in the lawes and the chiefest"—charged the five Canons (including the Prior) of Shulbrede with keeping twenty-six women among them, the Prior having seven, the Subprior seven, two of the Canons five apiece, and the fifth only two. We agree that the estimate is so unlikely as to suggest calumny. For one thing, in the Priory there can hardly have been room for thirty-one persons, no matter how intimate; and for another, such a scandal would surely have raised a riot even in secluded and muddy Sussex, and even in Renaissance times. But, none the less, the monks were driven out; the Prior was pensioned off with £10 a year; and the land passed into the hands of families that in due time became great and noble upon its proceeds; until at last it has fallen by purchase to the distinguished champion of the Labor Party who now has told its history. So there the patched up ruin stands, never quite uninhabited, and, as we said, so crammed with ghosts

that no meeting of the Psychical Research Society could rival it for spooks, apparitions, *revenants*, and other spirits of the departed. For all its ghosts are real.

A LAST REFUGE.

DID ever Christmastide in England look like this one? Could even Dickens have made it seem jolly with the largest punch-bowl? Is its grey character native or induced? Has that wonderful Star lost its brightness, or does some reek from an aged earth intervene? It is not pleasant to ask ourselves these questions, but it is as well to be honest and to own up; for our days now are a twilight murk, our ways slough into cold mud, the newspapers of the last Sabbath showed us veritable photographs of Dublin being wreathed, in honor of the season, with barbed wire; and what alone makes us mirthful are the awed whispers about future taxes, for well we know we shan't be able to pay them. The truth is, the festival holly which used to delight us has this year, for reasons we all know, become a malign vegetable with a quality entirely strange to it—it pricks and hurts. So if our respected Prime Minister, as representing us and all the English on the anniversary of the Great Birth, is truly lifted up to sing "O little Town of Bethlehem," then he must do it on his own, for the sunless murk at this period of our Christian history, with its impediments of barbed wire, and its Magi arriving in tanks with guns, is a transfiguration of what used to be a fine and significant birthday which he may enjoy, as evidence of the progress he makes for us towards the Age of Gold, but which we do not. Our old-fashioned predilection still is for frankincense and myrrh; we do not delight in cylinders of phosgene.

Consequently, this year the faithful are not coming, as usual. They seem to be going. We were told, quite unnecessarily (for we could have guessed it), in that very newspaper which showed us soldiers decorating an Irish town for Christmas with perennial barbed wire, that the emigrant ships are booked up for weeks ahead. Who could wonder at that? Have we got enough emigrant ships to go round? Is the supply of islands in the South Seas large enough for the lot of us? If so, then the time may be soon here when the words of the prophet will be fulfilled, and the members of the Constitutional Club become so exclusive in that day that they alone remain in England, with their property so safe that it needs only to be distinguished from the cemeteries, so ultimately protected from foreign competition that they are forced to eat their own words, so secure from change that their quiet is not disturbed even by chanting processions of unemployed ex-soldiers airing their poverty and their military decorations. Then the work of making the country fit for heroes will have been completed, and the labors of the Imperial Graves Registration Commission at an end.

We never imagined, when we were enduring heroically, as we supposed at the time, boredom and some fever in isolation in a remote wilderness where there were only the torrid sun, savages, and a silence that had never been broken, that we should ever dwell upon that memory of the Tropics as though it were our last refuge. Yet now that savage country looks like Elysium, in its seclusion from this after-war homeland in the North, where the penetrating ice seems to have congealed even men's hearts. How the unlucky manage who now have no recollections of other lands to escape into, no other world than this bare temperate zone, heated but with rhetoric and high explosives, in which to find a hiding place for their thoughts, is as unpleasant a doubt as what that is which men do who are workless when prices are

barely within reach of the fortunate. We would not give what early memories we have of the primeval tropics to be made Viceroy of Ireland with no close time at all for gunning among the natives. Let us not think the world is without cheer. There are still the Upper Amazons and New Guinea. To realize what rejuvenescence could be got there, get "Some Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate," by Captain C. A. W. Monckton (John Lane), and confess that such memories as his—though one of them includes the confession of a cannibal chief for the reason of the greasiness of a pot out of which the magistrate had just eaten—have their advantages in days like these. They show there are rare patches of the earth still young and lusty, and that what evil is there is only from the exuberant excess of its life, and does not come from the cold deliberations of a mechanic and aged wisdom. In civilized countries we are, as Artemus Ward pointed out, governed too much. Captain Monckton knows of another world, of which he relates with such gusto that, in spite of its mangrove swamps, ticks, "long pig," and malignant malaria, we cannot believe it is less attractive than Balbriggan, Vienna, or Bapaume. In fact, we like it much better. Its ruffians are all undisguised. And it is so hearty and free from cant. A bishop, Captain Monckton relates, noticing a large graveyard where some gold diggers had buried their friends (though they dug them up again later in the process of following up a quartz vein), advised its consecration. The miners did not disapprove. They had no objection.

"The Bishop read the impressive service of the Church in a voice and manner that struck home to those miners and produced an unexpected result. Mat Crow, a prominent man among them, was deeply affected; and at the end he strode up to the Bishop, struck him heartily on the back and broke forth: 'Boys, this is kind of the Bish. There's Alligator Jack and Red Bill planted here, and Gawd, 'E knows whether they have rested easy. We know what they was like, and we know what the warden is like who read prayers over them; he was better than nothing. But he was no good alongside a parson, and a Bishop is fifty parson-power in one. Boys, I move a vote of thanks to the Bish, with three times three, and may we all have a Bish to plant us. Alligator Jack would be a proud man to-day if he knew what was being done for him.'"

The author has many such stories. Indeed, his book is full of them. Is it any use pretending that that natural appreciation of life and death, and the importance of Bishops, distresses us? We know it does not. We are wondering now whether it is not really an innocent and juster idea of values than our own. Anyhow, there is, in the case of the miners, not a trace of self-deception in it. They liked the Bishop's acknowledgment of their old pals, but when their old pals were in the way of gold, threw them out, Bishop's consecration and all, and then went home to supper.

There is an hotel, too, on the beach at Samarai, in which, after a long sojourn with D.O.R.A., we feel we should like to stay, in order to swing our compass, as navigators say. "... a large roofed balcony with no sides, situated at the back of the store, and here at night ... foregathered all the Europeans of the island. Under a centre table was placed a supply of varied drinks, and as men came in and the bottles were emptied, they were hurled over the edge on to the soft coral sand." In the morning the bottles were collected by a native boy, who "counted them, and avoided the trouble of book-keeping by the simple method of dividing the sum total of bottles by the number of men he knew ... each man, therefore, whether a thirsty person or not, was charged exactly the same as his neighbor."

A story like that, if carefully used by Communist propagandists, might produce recruits for Communism

in the least likely places, it is so generous and inherently human.

All the author's stories, whether of whites or cannibals, follow the same sweeping lines. Even his fish stories, being of tropic seas, reduce the home-made yarns to mere gudgeon in preserved waters. There was the servant who baited a shark hook with pig, threw it in, and made the line fast to the pole of the tent wherein the magistrate was resting. An alligator took the bait, and followed up the line to interview the man at the other end of it. He tells us of the Pacific pirate and "black-bird" who, dissatisfied with a crew of men because they tried to kill him, trained a crew of native women, and for years afterwards sailed his ship prosperously with them. There is, too, a good deal of shooting and hanging of the natives. Certainly they were an uncanny lot, with altogether unexpected qualities, and too often a strange diet. But Captain Monckton is no Sir Hamar Greenwood. He did the shooting himself. He tells you so. That fecund and exuberant tropic land has the fine effect of making men instinctive, direct, and unapologetic. They never worry as to how they may disguise what they do so that it may appear constitutional. We like them for that. We should like to have our own New Guinea doings in the North made as naked as Captain Monckton makes those of the South Seas. For essentially there is no difference between them. All those taboos and rigid social conventions of the Papuans are exactly reproduced in Pall Mall, where they are disguised as honor, patriotism, and so on. Will no adventurer give us a book about our island in these later days as comic, honest, and heartless as Captain Monckton gives of Papua?

The Drama.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" is a rather exasperating play, because so much of it is occupied with four lovers who are made by fairy influence to behave even more foolishly than they would have done if left to their own devices. The play is divisible into four elements—those of the clowns, the nuptially-inclined rulers, the fairies, and the lovers. Of these elements the one that has real amusingness is that of the clowns. But as long as we have Shakespeare in our theatres, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will be among the most popular Shakespearean plays, because in many of its features it resembles a modern revue. It is full of special turns, does not strain anybody's intelligence, and admits of pretty stage treatment. Mr. Fagan, reopening the Court Theatre so near Christmas, has seen "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as a Christmas entertainment, and he has made a pretty, but not a particularly novel, Christmas entertainment of it. The fairies are little tiny girls, the Titania is herself a young girl, the clowns are the usual grotesque figures, and the various lovers are suitably good-looking. Add to this that the clowning is very well done by Mr. Alfred Clark and Mr. Miles Malleon, both of whom bring freshness to their rendering, and that Miss Mary Grey sings very charmingly as Oberon, and you will have a fair conspectus of the whole. The scenery is pretty, and so are the costumes. They are not bizarre, and they follow tradition. If Mendelssohn's music had been used, it would have been entirely in place. It would have been a good deal more suitable than the new music which is used, because this is modern, and the tunefulness of Mendelssohn is the very thing for "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It is also the very thing for this particular revival.

Only three scenes are used at the Court Theatre—those of Quince's House and the Palace of Theseus doing

duty twice; while the whole of the rest of the play is made to occur in the same part of the "Wood near Athens." Against a light background a grassy bank and a big tree stand forward as setting for lovers, clowns, and fairies. The speed of the action thus gains, because all that happens in the wood is continuous, and if the lovers have bed-sores from lying for so long insensible in view of the audience upon these hard stage carpentries it is perhaps an act of justice against them. It is, however, a trial to the actors who play these grievous parts. In the wood occurs all that is essential to the play's progressive action. Here Oberon and Titania meet; from this spot Puck departs hastily to put a girdle about the earth; here Titania woos her ass, and the male lovers fight and chase one another. It is an ingenious simplification. For the rest, I did not notice any departure from custom, except that Mr. Fagan seems to spare us the little boy who is the subject of contention between the fairy king and queen. The omission is a piece of self-denial for which we must gratefully praise Mr. Fagan.

Æsthetically, the production has in its principal features no importance; but it may be regarded as typical of one method of performing Shakespeare. It is not lavish, which is a considerable gain; and if it is designed as a Christmas entertainment we cannot object to this conception of a play written simply to adorn a Court revel. It is thoroughly workmanlike, but some of the acting is charmingly less than expert, and one is freed thereby from any uncomfortable sense of mechanical proficiency in the cast. The most "experienced" acting, as it should be, is that of the clowns; and here lies the greatest virtue of the Court Theatre production. All the clowns know their business so thoroughly that they constantly use unfamiliar intonations and emphasis, and this gives pleasant freshness to scenes which have become hackneyed by such frequent repetition. The effects are well conceived, and the fun is unforced. Mr. Alfred Clark contributes greatly to this impression, for he is the most realistic Bottom I have ever seen. He is much more one of the men of his class than the fancy Bottoms to whom we are over-accustomed. As a rule, Bottom is a striding fellow. Mr. Clark makes him a stupid, good-natured creature, naïve and moderate in his demeanor, whose fancy is really drawn less by over-confidence than by ingratiating slowness of wit into a desire to play every part that is named. He is the most peaceable of Bottoms, and the most ready to be persuaded out of his desires. In this moderation Mr. Clark is supported by Mr. Malleon, in the almost equally dangerous rôle of Quince. The temptation to over-play Quince, by emphasis and motion (in fact, to clown it), must be extraordinary. Mr. Malleon resists all such temptation. He has a surprising make-up, and his manner needs no bush. He and Mr. Clark set the tone for the play-scenes, and these are the best in the whole performance. They are genuinely comic. They leaven "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which, if it were all fairies and lovers, would be intolerable.

Many people, no doubt, will go to the Court Theatre; and I am quite sure that the majority of them will find the play as well done as it has been in the West End of London for several years. The performance resembles a water-color drawing, all in light washes, and with little to be observed in its details of modern impressionist tendencies. It makes, that is, what would be called a pretty picture. That "A Midsummer Night's Dream" can be performed otherwise, we know from Mr. Granville Barker's effort of some years ago. Mr. Fagan is not in competition with Mr. Barker. He is presenting the comedy in a manner which will give pleasure to minds innocent and quiet; and, in pursuance of his plan, he has deliberately and successfully produced an agreeable Christmas entertainment.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

Short Studies.

THE PRAYING-WHEEL.

By ARNOLD HOLLRIEGEL.

HERE follow a few pages from the last letter of my good friend, Dr. Brian Delargy, the famous Celtic ethnologist, who is at present vagabonding gaily, yet scientifically, through Western Thibet. Though meant for my eye alone, I am moved by the altruistic spirit of our day, and thus publish them here for the edification of all high-brows, male and female. Brian writes:—

"I have struck up a kind of friendship with the abbot of that big Lamai monastery near Thok Jalong. This odd, almond-eyed old boy has taken quite a liking to me, and we have many talks. It's often you might find us squatting opposite each other and drinking tea. There he sits in his baggy yellow toga, like one of his own Buddha figures, bland and expressionless. And yet I am never quite certain that he is not thinking deep and sardonic things when I happen to speak of what is going on in Europe and America.

"On a hill-top, just opposite the monastery, there is one of those praying-wheels, or machines, as I have already mentioned in my last, a kind of cylindrical contraption, such as the Thibetans turn and spin in order to send a prayer—it is always the same prayer—into the depths of space. There are small praying-wheels, of vest-pocket size, which you can turn with your hand or a finger, and there are gigantic praying-wheels driven by wind or water. But all of them, the big as well as the little, contain a long strip of paper. On this strip, rudely stamped in red from wooden blocks, you will find these mystic words, repeated again and again:—

'Om mani padme hum.'

Thou Treasure in the lotus flower. Amen!"

"The praying-wheel which I have mentioned is, in reality, a wind-mill, and of colossal size, really the biggest I have ever seen. You can see it, stark and bold in outline, from the terrace of the monastery. It revolves day and night, driven by the wind that comes whipping down from these tremendous peaks of everlasting snow.

"Yesterday, however, the thing stood still. I was told that something had got out of order and was being repaired.

"In the evening I spoke of this to my friend, the abbot. He was silent for a few moments, then clapped his hands. One of the lamas came, bowed, and brought a lacquered box. This the abbot opened; I saw that it was filled with tiny praying-wheels, about three inches in length.

"The abbot peeled off the leather cover which presses the strip of paper prayers against the cylinder, and showed me the writing on the strip.

"This time it was not 'OM MANI PADME HUM.'

"The letters were Roman, and they were capitals, and the words were repeated again and again: 'Dieu protège la France.'

"I expressed my astonishment, but the abbot did not answer—he merely showed me the texts of the other praying-wheels. I was stunned, for there, in nearly all the languages of Europe, I could read such prayers as these:—

'Gott strafe England.'

'God save the King.'

'Bosche zara chrani.'

"The abbot put back the praying-wheels in the lacquered box, locked it carefully, and said:—

"Many, many such wheels of the law, laden with the prayers of the Barbarians, have been turning in the land of Thibet during the last few years. But that is done with now. They are just now removing the strip from the great wheel of which you have spoken. It bore this prayer.

"Know that in our land, too, our holy land of hills, there are restless hearts. Instead of pursuing the path of Sakyamuni, they cast their eyes towards the lands of the Barbarians. We have only simple praying-machines; you have machines of secret and magic power. Some of our young monks became covetous of this mighty magic of the West, and gave us no peace. Therefore, the divine

Dalai Lama sent an emissary to Europe a few years ago, so that he might learn the magic and potent forms of prayers in use among the Barbarian peoples, the spells that must be hidden in their machines of steam and their machines of lightning, and which, doubtless, give them such power and such riches. So the lama went to Europe, and in every country he wrote down the common prayers of the people, the incantations, the formulæ which they speak, and sing, and stamp upon their coins. Then the lama returned, and new wheels of the Law were fashioned throughout the whole of Thibet, large wheels and small, and every one of them bore one of the magic spells of the Western world.

"They turned upon the summit of every hill, they stood before all the shrines of Buddha, they were in all men's hands, and millions upon millions of times they sent their prayers into the Universe. Great power went forth from these wheels.

"But then there came to us from far beyond the passes, news of the great misery that had come upon Europe. The Dalai Lama was disquieted. So he sent forth a second priest to the West—this time it was a very old and a very wise man. He returned but lately. Soon afterwards the divine Dalai Lama ordered that all the new wheels of the Law were to be destroyed at once. For the emissary had spoken to him thus:—

"Know that the forms of prayers which we have sent forth into the Universe a million million times have brought the peoples and the Chief Bonces of the West naught but woe and perdition.

"Know that each of these forms of prayer battles against the others. The peoples of the West pray one against the other. The prayer of every nation signifies hatred of another nation.

"Perchance their prayers were not potent enough in former days. For know that we had been given false tidings of them. It is, forsooth, unbelievable—yet their machines of steam and their machines of lightning are not machines of prayer. These barbarians are also fools, for they possess countless, oh, countless wheels and rollers, yet inscribe no prayers thereon!"

"It is for this that their prayers were so weak in former days. But we, we who here pursue the path of Sâkyamuni, it is we who have given power to the prayers of the Barbarians. It is we who sent forth these prayers millions upon millions of times into the Universe. And when the East Wind blew, then the prayers of the Germans became mighty. The northern storms multiplied the prayers of the Englishmen, the mistral winds the formulæ of the French. And thus it came to pass that the potency of their prayers waxed apace, although they knew it not.

"All of these prayers wrought and wrought—

"One against the other.

"And then one prayer slew the other. And terrible was the misfortune that wasted the lands of the Western world."

"The old abbot of the monastery of Thok Jalong looked at me gravely, and said:—

"It is for this reason that we will have none of your forms of prayer. You are very wise, but you must first find a form, one form, which will make all men happy, instead of the twenty forms which destroy all men.

"Until that day be come, we, that wander in the ways of Gautama Buddha, shall continue to write our own well-tried and trusty formula upon our wheels of the Law:—

'Om mani padme hum.

Thou Treasure in the lotus flower. Amen!"

Letters to the Editor.

THE QUESTION FOR 1921.

SIR,—The old world is in a sorry state, and we want to make a new start. I would appeal to all men to live their faith; to Christians to apply the Gospel of Love they have proclaimed for 1,920 years to the life around them; to Jews

to give their testimony as God's witnesses by proving that life is sacred in all its aspects, and that the Oneness of God is revealed in the Oneness of man; to Mohammedans to live their teaching concerning the dignity and righteousness of man; to Buddhists to live as if the progress of man towards divinity must be visualized on earth; and to men and women of all definable and indefinable creeds to seek out the truth which is in their hearts and make use of it in everyday life.

We have tried to heal the world with hatred and violence, even while we praised the God of Peace and Love, and asked Him to guide us according to His will. Surely the laws of God are perfect. How can we arrest misery by creating it? How can we combat ignorance and crime by deceit and further wickedness?

The only remedy for modern evil is for us to bring our lives into harmony with our faith. We have refused to do this all through the generations, and to-day we are reaping the harvest of our perversity. "Be still, and know that I am God." Since materialists, posing as practical men of action, have failed so far, why not give visionaries a chance? And who are the visionaries? Just the men and women in the street who proclaim God—by some term or other—with their lips. If they *would* only be true to themselves, war would be impossible and armaments consequently absurd. Children would be taught that they must find other means of progress because that method belongs to the barbaric past. Every human being of every land and condition would be regarded with respect, seeing that God was within him. We *could* no longer hate while we proclaimed our love. All blockades on knowledge and trade would be removed. The hungry would be fed, the ignorant taught, the weary relieved.

Is it not possible to repair the cleavage between faith and conduct in human life? We have our religions. Why not apply them to life? Is not this the essential question for 1921? Is our religion dead? If so, we had better put an end to everything, for the glow will have gone out of life. Can we live the faith we hold? If so, let us go forward, and create good, and gather in full measure human hope and human joy.—Yours, &c.,

EVERYMAN.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

SIR,—As a Jew I cannot but be interested in any discussion the object of which is to awaken the religious conscience and, through it, to strengthen peaceful methods of solving national and world problems. Were not the ideals of the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and of universal peace first enunciated by the Jewish prophets? It is not, however, to contribute to the discussion on Nonconformist Christianity—which would be impertinent on my part—that I take up my pen. It is rather to correct a misconception which is prevalent, and into which Mr. W. S. Rowntree has fallen. He writes: "Can Dr. Roberts or anyone else point to a more fundamental distinction between the teaching of Jesus and that of the earlier religions than his emphatic repudiation of the Mosaic doctrine of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth'?"

It is not generally known—as it should be—that the "literal rule of eye for eye yielded to the more humane law of compensation in money." Mr. Israel Zangwill refers to this in his "Arthur Davis Memorial Lecture" entitled "Chosen Peoples: The Hebraic Ideal *versus* the Teutonic," delivered on Easter Sunday, 1918:—"Let us ignore—as completely as Jesus did—that the legal penalty of 'eye for eye' had been commuted into a money penalty by the great majority of early Pharisaic lawyers. Is not that very maxim to-day the clamored policy of Christian multitudes?" On the same page Mr. Zangwill continues:—"And here we see the absurdity of judging the Bible outside its historic conditions, or by standards not comparative. Said James Hinton, 'The Bible needs interpreting by Nature even as Nature by it.' And it is by this canon that we must interpret the concept of a Chosen People, and so much else in our Scriptures. It is Life alone that can give us the clue to the Bible." "The Bible," says Mr. Zangwill, further on, in his epigrammatic way, "as I have said before, is an anti-Semitic book. 'Israel is the villain, not the hero, of his own story.' Alone among epics, it is out for truth, not high heroics. . . . Jewish literature unflinchingly exposes the flaws even of a

Moses and a David. It is this passion for veracity, unknown among other peoples . . . that gives false color to the legend of Israel's ancient savagery."—Yours, &c.,

S. H. DAINOW.

2, Inglewood Mansions,
West End Lane, N.W. 6.

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY.

SIR,—May it be permitted to an American who is loath to have the attitude of his own country misunderstood by his British friends, to speak a candid word about the augmentation of the United States Fleet—a matter, we understand, under serious discussion in Britain?

The present programme of capital ships was sanctioned by Congress in 1916, while the country was neutral, and when there was every prospect that the war would end with Germany semi-victorious, and ready to assail the Monroe Doctrine.

No capital ships have been added to the programme since then, and none are likely to be at the present session of Congress.

Until the outstanding issues between the United States and Japan have been happily and permanently adjusted, Americans do not see their way to alter this naval programme. The curtailment thereof would seem a direct encouragement to the Japanese military party to enter into nice calculations as to the possible success of sundry aggressive projects. Such "expert calculations" appear to be the essential preliminaries to many great wars. Many of us have a most uneasy feeling that the reason we are not now at threatening issue with Tokio, is because no naval man can figure out Japanese preponderance in the near future.

Possibly our attitude would be otherwise if we were sure of direct military and naval help (not diplomatic and "moral" help) from Britain and France, if a great war should arise in the Pacific. But we have no confidence of this, at least unless we could in turn pledge ourselves to armed intervention in Near Eastern and Central European troubles, something it is very evident our people are loath to do. We do not blame our European friends for declining to mix in a quarrel to them very remote, yet they should realize our view-point. So long as California seems in danger of being the scene of a grievous race issue, as Hawaii is a little Nippon, though under the Stars and Stripes, and as American commerce appears to have the "Open Door" slammed against it in Manchuria, we cannot close our eyes to serious possibilities.

The troubles between America and Japan are capable of rout by honorable and conciliatory statesmanship; yet it is unwise to argue away their existence, and to imitate various good people who, in 1914, tried to adjust matters between Germany and England simply by denying that there was any real quarrel at all. We know that the best intelligence and conscience of Japan is alert, even as is ours, to find a lasting solution to present complaints; but the experience of the world in the last six years has been a fearful warning against encouraging a military party to over-ride its civil statesmen, because of the lack of armed preparedness in a sister nation.

America is not to-day making ready for any duel with Japan. We are engrossed, perhaps too much engrossed, with domestic issues. But we are not convinced (as we fain would be) that "there is never going to be another war."

As to the American Fleet ever becoming a menace to the safety of Britain, it is the merest truism to state that such a possibility has hardly entered the dreams of the fiercest Anglophobe.—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS.

The University of Minnesota,
Minneapolis, Minn.
December 11th, 1920.

AN APPEAL.

SIR,—Would your Irish readers in England feel inclined, I wonder, to help us in a work that must appeal to their sympathies? The children in the islands off the coast of Galway (Lettermore, Carraroe, Lettermullen, Gorunma,

&c.) acquire their education under conditions of great hardship. The district is one of the poorest in Ireland, and children have often to walk several miles over bleak mountain roads in the face of cold winds and driving rain to school in the mornings. Some have to row a boat from one island to another. They arrive at school chilled and hungry (and the wee ones sometimes crying!), and utterly unfit for work. Some of them are very inadequately clothed. One little boy was seen at school wearing only a sack. If a cup of hot cocoa and some bread and jam can be given to the children during the morning school it makes all the difference. A fund was started some years ago by Roger Casement, who contributed most of it himself, to provide this small comfort for the children. We are doing our best each year to keep it going.

Contributions of money or of children's clothes will be gratefully received by Miss McNeill, Glendun Lodge, Cushendun, Co. Antrim, who will see that gifts are properly distributed.—Yours, &c.,

G. A. PARRY.

London. December 8th, 1920.

LOUVAIN AND CORK.

SIR,—“Wayfarer” is by implication unjust to the Germans when he writes (December 18th) that their commanders “didn’t pretend that Louvain burnt itself, or that its citizens took a sudden dislike to their library, and destroyed their Town Hall to spite the German Army or blacken its character.” For, unlike the English at Cork, the Germans at Louvain spared the Town Hall, which still stands intact.—Yours, &c.,

P. Q.

IS THERE A NONCONFORMIST CONSCIENCE?

SIR,—Your words will, surely, arouse the sleeping Non-conformist conscience.

I live in the City of Churchillism and Presbyterianism—Dundee.

There has not been one breath of criticism of reprisals from the Churches here. The only man who has uttered any protest has been connected with an obscure body, called the Free Religious Movement. He is regarded as an extreme fanatic, an Ishmael in our midst.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN MORLEY EAGERS.

11, Barawan Terrace, Dundee.

VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

Amount already acknowledged in THE NATION	£1,508	0	2
J. Lewis, Esq. (Ottawa)	10	0	0
Penelope Wheeler	2	0	0
	£1,520	0	2

Poetry.

DIES IRÆ.

Cold and wild, cold and wild,
Is the birth-night of the Child;
Big black clouds are in the sky,
One star shining soft thereby;
All the lights are in the tower
For the great, the greatest hour;
Mariners upon the sea
See the lights in the belfry;
They waken, startled by the bells,
The mother-bat and her pipistrelles;
The wizard stirs, aghast, afeared,
His black cap and his white beard;
He sees the shadow of eclipse
On Caesar's court and on his ships;
He sees the Child in swaddling-bands
Pull down Bastilles with His Hands;
He mutters, gazing far away,
“This is the tremendous Day.”

R. I. G.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Pilgrim Papers." By Robert Keable. (Christophers. 6s.)
 "The Economics of Welfare." By Professor Pigou. (Macmillan. 36s.)
 "Some Experiences of a New Guinea Magistrate." By Capt. C. A. W. Monckton. (Lane. 21s.)
 "A History of the War." By H. C. O'Neill. (Jack. 12s. 6d.)
 "Winsome Winnie"; and other new nonsense novels. By Stephen Leacock. (Lane. 5s.)

* * *

"Now thrice welcome, Christmas,
 Which brings us good cheer,
 Minced pies and plum porridge,
 Good ale and strong beer;
 With pig, goose and capon,
 The best that may be,
 So well doth the weather
 And our stomachs agree."

THAT seemed to be the seasonable thing. A bracing nip in the air, a still more bracing nip in the stomach, and a real old Christmas-card-cum-Dingley-Dell Christmas! So my frost-bitten fingers hunted through the carol books, reread "Good King Wenceslaus," and consulted that large advertisement page in the "Manchester Guardian" for literary hints *re* Christmas-tide. And so, breaking the ice in my ink-bottle partly through the glowing warmth of my Christmas-tuned heart, I prepared to show the readers of THE NATION what a lot I knew about carols, ballads, and Nativity songs. But I found myself reading "The City of Dreadful Night."

* * *

I KNEW at once that I was doing the right and the seasonable thing, and that the reason was not that I had caught sight of the "Melancholia" over my mantelpiece just when I thought I had safely locked the door of my head on the beer and skittles. For Thomson's poem is the finest rendering of essential winter in the language, the real thing, winter as it is now in the tundras, in the Peak district, or, best of all, under the thousand-fathom line of the Atlantic, where strange, luminescent fishes move, like link-boys through a fog, in a world of eternal silence, eternal darkness, eternal winter, and eternal barrenness. There is no parallel with this abyssal world in the imaginations of men, for it is changeless, and puts to confusion the one thing in life which is above all dogma, opinion, and theory—"And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe, and so from hour to hour we rot and rot, and thereby hangs a tale." The determinism of "The City of Dreadful Night" is spun out of its changelessness: "For never there Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath," "unlighted even by the faintest spark." The city is one of:—

"Infections of unutterable sadness,
 Infections of incalculable madness,
 Infections of incurable despair,"

and though the garden of life is wholly waste, the sweet flowers withered, the fruit-trees barren, and over the wall hangs the rich, dark clusters of the Vine of Death, none pluck it. You wander by the "River of Suicides," but none commit themselves to it.

* * *

THAT precisely is the true *momentary* impression of a hard winter. The Sleeping Beauty hardly breathes in her immobility; and what breath she has is frozen; the enchanter whispers to the running stream and it stops dead, and voiceless is the tranced world. Thomson's workmanship responds exactly to the internal punctuation

of his City of Winter. The poem is carved out of basalt or black marble; it has neither beginning nor ending, nor rhythmical gradations; there it stands, a huge sacrificial monolith, or rather the very figure limned by its rock-bound lines:—

"... and throned there
 An Image sits, stupendous, superhuman,
 The bronze colossus of a winged Woman,
 Upon a graded granite base foursquare."

There she sits and listens to the preacher with his "good tidings of great joy":—

"There is no God, no Fiend with names divine
 Made us and tortures us; if we must pine,
 It is to satiate no Being's gall."

There is, in fact, no other poem like this in any language. How theatrical and full of Jack-in-the-Box attitudes is the pessimism of Byron and Swinburne beside it! Some of Mr. Hardy's poems and novels exhibit "Necessity Supreme," but one very rarely feels in his work the impersonal operation of an inhuman fate, and it is the author, not the "President of the Immortals," who dogs the flight of Tess through the world. Epic work moves on through terror to triumph in defeat, and the last thing Fanny did in her dying tramp to Casterbridge was to lie down in the road and stare in the repose of unwinking despair at the starless sky. And the last thing Thomson did was to depend on accident for his unflinching Destiny. Not so Hardy. There would have been no story at all had not Fanny gone to the wrong church to marry Sergeant Troy.

* * *

THEN is not this superb poem one of the, as yet, unfathomed mysteries both of literature and the human spirit? It is most enjoyable in the first place, as a winter which digs its nails in is hard to nobody, except tradesmen and sentimentalists. In spite of some creakiness in rhythm, it is a grand piece of creative workmanship, and the artist enjoyed writing it as much as or more than we enjoy reading it. Yet its temper is as far as possible from the enjoyment of malice or personal bitterness, as far as John Clare's poems are from expressing the tragedy of his own life, or as Lamb's work from the stain of that terrible story of a friend of his who met him escorting his sister across the fields to the asylum, both weeping bitterly. Nor is "The City" tragedy, for it is without conflict or will. Lastly, are we not aware of a *missionary* spirit pervading it? At least I am, and it is an old favorite of mine.

* * *

WHAT then, how expound these riddles? The truth is that the logic of Thomson's City of Life-in-Death is a *reductio ad absurdum*. It creates an imaginative Nihilism; it makes it supremely worth his and our while to declare that there is no worth while; it reverses all our conceptions of how things are done, since it creates nothing out of something. But all the time there is no fraud about it—a universal voice is speaking out of an intensely personal soul. The explicit denial of God somehow works out into a great Gregorian chant in praise of God, and a profound and hidden consciousness uses its precise opposite to express itself. This is not vain paradox.

* * *

"THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT" is a triumph of the spirit, a cock crowing on a tombstone, as all deeply felt, powerfully imagined, morally inspired work is, no matter what the content. Thomson's poem echoes Thompson's "Plough thou the rock until it bear," and tells us that no winter can cheat us of the spring. They are complementary.

H. J. M.

Reviews.

A NEW POET OF ISLAM.

"The Secrets of the Self (Asrar-I-Khudi)." A Philosophical Poem. By SHEIKH MUHAMMAD IQBAL OF LAHORE. Translated from the original Persian with Introduction and Notes by REGINALD A. NICHOLSON. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

At the conclusion of his "Outline of the History of the World," Mr. Wells, with his shrewd sense of the true proportions of things, challenges the assumption of the assured predominance of the West over the East. He points out how brief is the period of Western ascendancy, and reminds us that whereas we, for three centuries, have learned nothing from the East, they, for at least a century, have been learning everything from us. They are not naturally less gifted. They are more modest and more acquisitive. Why should they not, in quite a near future, reverse the process?

From this point of view, Mr. Iqbal's book is something of a portent. Dr. Nicholson has given us what is, we believe, the first English translation of the work of one who is hailed enthusiastically as a great national poet by young Moslem India, and (we are informed) even by Persians. Of the literary merits of the poem no one can well judge who is ignorant of the language (Persian) of the original. But Dr. Nicholson is a skilled translator, and, even through the English medium, it is clear that we are in contact with a poet, and perhaps a great one. Brilliance, condensation, beautiful and appropriate imagery, all that, at least, comes through. And there comes through, of course, the thought, which may well arrest the attention of European readers.

Some fifteen years ago Mr. Iqbal was studying at Cambridge, under Dr. MacTaggart. He was also writing a thesis on Persian mysticism. And the writer of this review well remembers introducing him to the works of William Blake, and being assured that the same experiences are to be found there described as in those of Oriental sages. It was, perhaps, at the same time that Mr. Iqbal read Nietzsche, and evidently he has since read Bergson. His present philosophy, which he outlines in the preface to the translation, is a curious eclecticism, based mainly on these Western authors. He has taken from Dr. MacTaggart the idea of reality as a harmony of perfect personalities. But he conceives this reality not as eternally realized, behind the duperies of time, but as a goal to be reached in some future. The influence of Bergson is clear in a passage like the following:—

"Thou hast extended Time like Space,
And distinguished yesterday from to-morrow.
Thou hast fled like a scent from thine own garden;
Thou hast made thy prison with thine own hand."

But the strongest influence is Nietzsche. The doctrine of hardness, of individuality, of the need of conflict, and the benefit of an enemy run all through the poem.

"To become earth is the creed of a moth;
Be a conqueror of earth; that alone is worthy of a man.
Thou art soft as a rose, become hard as a stone,
That thou mayst be the foundation of the wall of the garden."

And again:—

"Life is power made manifest,
And its mainspring is the desire for victory.
Mercy out of season is a coldness of life's blood,
A break in the rhythm of life's music.
Whoever is sunk in the depths of ignominy
Calls his weakness contentment.
Weakness is the plunderer of life,
Its womb is teeming with fears and lies."

The metaphysical meaning of life, in this philosophy, is the formation of personalities. This is accomplished by love, that is, "the desire to assimilate, to absorb." And, in the end, so far from individuals being absorbed in God, God will be absorbed in individuals. Of all philosophies that postulate an Eternal Absolute Mr. Iqbal is the enemy. That is the meaning of his attack upon Plato. "My criticism of Plato is directed against those philosophical systems which hold up death rather than life as their ideal—systems which ignore the greatest obstruction to life—namely, matter—and teach us to run away from it, instead of absorbing it." The whole poem is a violent reaction against the Sufism which, fifteen years ago, was the object of the author's study.

All this, it may be thought, is of interest only to philosophers, and therefore not to any Englishman. But there is, in Mr. Iqbal's work, a political significance and a political force. For this poet, thus formed by the most radical Western thinkers, is also a passionate Moslemite. Mohammed is his prophet and the Koran his Bible. He thinks, or he chooses to affirm, that his gospel is also the gospel of that ancient book, so inveterate is the determination of men to put new wine into old bottles! The only explanation of this archaism is patriotism, and it is, no doubt, as a patriot, not less than as a poet, that Mr. Iqbal has conquered the hearts of young India.

"In the Moslem's heart is the home of Mohammed,
All our glory is from the name of Mohammed,
Sinai is but an eddy of the dust of his house
The Sanctuary of the Kaba is his dwelling place."

Thus, while Mr. Iqbal's philosophy is universal, his application of it is particular and exclusive. Only Moslems are worthy of the Kingdom. The rest of the world is either to be absorbed or excluded. And the emphasis on personality, the contempt for mysticism and quietism, the call to conflict and hardness, is the appeal of a patriot to an oppressed people to rise and assert themselves. Quite clearly Mr. Iqbal desires and looks forward to a Holy War, and that a war of arms:—

"Whatever thou doest let it be thine aim therein to draw
nigh to God
That His glory may be made manifest by thee,
Peace become an evil, if its object be aught else;
War is good if its object be God."

War for any other object, for conquest and wealth and power, is indeed condemned. But that disclaimer, however sincerely intended, is, in fact, meaningless. War is war, whatever its avowed object; and wars of religion, so called, like all others wars, have never resulted in anything but extension of territory and power. It is the nature of war to be incompatible with religion, even though it be waged in the name of religion. And if the East once gets going to recover by arms a free and united Islam, it will not stop till it has either conquered the world or failed in that attempt. In either case there will not be much left of Mr. Iqbal's philosophy among his co-religionists.

We said that such a poem was a portent, and so it is. The Western world has just shown by an example that would convince any but the blind (but all men are blind), that war means the destruction of civilization in all its aspects, and particularly in all those higher ones which are Mr. Iqbal's concern. The West, apparently, is refusing to learn the lesson. And some wistful Westerners, hopeless of their own countrymen, are turning once more to look for a star in the East. What do they find? Not the Star of Bethlehem, but this blood-red planet. If this book be prophetic, the last hope seems taken away. The East, if it arms, may indeed end by conquering the West. But if so, it will conquer no salvation for mankind. The old bloody duel will swing backwards and forwards across the distracted and tortured world. And that is all. Is this really Mr. Iqbal's last word?

CHILDREN OF THE SLAVES.

"Children of the Slaves." By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Macmillan. 12s. net.)

"Darkwater." By W. E. B. DUBOIS. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE problem of the American negro increases rather than diminishes in intensity; and so far as the Southern States are concerned, the main visible benefit he has derived from emancipation is the right to be lynched as a free man instead of being flogged as a slave. The negroes bore their share in the American adventure in France; and it is only natural that, being thought good enough to die for their country, they should also deem themselves good enough to live for it. Yet the South, with too rare exceptions, will have nothing of such doctrine. It still stands foursquare upon that grotesque misapplication of Aristotle's theory of slavery which George Fitzhugh chose to call a "Sociology for the South." It appears that accident alone puts the North in better case; certainly the treatment of the negroes in Chicago and East St. Louis is proof that the negro problem

is not merely regional in nature. Neither Republican nor Democratic Presidents have the courage to grapple with its essentials; and even so obvious a need as a federal law against lynching (the State executives being utterly untrustworthy) has been so far withheld.

Upon this tragedy Mr. Stephen Graham has written the best book ever contributed to its analysis by an Englishman. It is not, of course, without the faults characteristic of Mr. Graham's writing—it is too personal, too facile, and too certain, to be more than brilliant impressionism. But these defects apart, it describes the problem of the South as any other foreigner would see it more vividly than it has ever been described before. Mr. Graham makes vividly clear the psychological obsession which surrounds the white man in the black belt, his groundless fears, which not even a rigid statistical disproof seems able to remove, his ruthless egoism, his utter contempt for human values once the fringe of whiteness is overpassed. He rightly sets his passionate insistence upon the sanctity of Southern women against his contemptuous disregard for the sanctity of the negro woman, with its reflection in the growth of a half-caste race. He pays a wise tribute to those who, like Booker Washington and Dr. Moton, have done their utmost to disregard the facts of racial hate and secure collective progress in their despite. Nor does he unduly exalt the negro character. He emphasizes his childishness, his cruelty to animals, his love of cheap and garish display. But he rightly emphasizes also the immense amount of patient spade-work that is being done by negro doctors and business men and college students to prove in their own lives their capacity for citizenship.

Dr. Dubois's book is in a very different tradition. The leader of the Left among the American negroes, he paints with the vivid pen of a natural literary artist his sense of passionate hate of white oppression. Forgiveness, charity, amelioration, for virtues such as these he has little but contempt. His book is the book of a man of genius; and certainly there is nowhere else so superbly drawn what the educated negro must feel in the presence of white assertiveness. But what it leads to in Dr. Dubois is an insistence upon black superiority as relentless as that which has led him to revolt against Southern barbarities. It turns the heat of his blood to fever. He translates courtesy into contempt, and he will not meet sympathy on equal ground lest his attitude be stigmatized as cringing. No one can think of the natural humor of the negro, his easy good nature, his essential generosity, and believe that to instill him with a doctrine of hate is likely to do good. Dr. Dubois writes of the white man almost as a typical Southerner would write of a black. He fills us with unutterable loathing of the pain the Southerner inflicts; but his severity has about it something too primitive and un-Christian to be acceptable. A doctrine of hate is killed only by something more positive than a hate not less unyielding.

HOW NOT AND HOW TO.

"What Pictures to See in Europe." By LORINDA M. BRYANT. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.)

"What Sculpture to See in Europe." By LORINDA M. BRYANT. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.)

"How to Look at Pictures." By ROBERT CLERMONT WITT. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN an earlier and more leisurely age the Grand Tour was undertaken as the final stage, the coping-stone, of a generous education. It was planned and thought out: the pupil studied the languages of the countries he proposed to visit; sought out at each halt of a few months the art or science he could acquire better there than elsewhere, and studied it in its native schools. He aimed at returning a finished scholar and a man of the world; one who had superposed on the broad basis of a sound culture the arts and graces of the Continent. Many were the handbooks and manuals written for his guidance, from the polished and cynical Chesterfield Letters to Howell's "Art of Foraine Travell," with its inimitable little sketches of how not to do it.

How are the mighty fallen! And yet it seems incredible that they can have fallen quite to the level of Miss Lorinda Bryant's two books. Is there really a public which, while conscious that pictures exist, and apparently sufficiently interested in them to go deliberately to look at them, is yet satisfied with Miss Bryant's standard?

"The question is often asked," she tells us, "How many pictures ought one to remember well enough to describe intelligently after a summer in Europe?" I have heard prominent educators put the number as low as twenty. . . . Fortunately, the postal-card deluge and cheap reproductions have so multiplied the likenesses of the original paintings that the returned traveller is able to keep before him constant reminders of the masterpieces. This has reduced the necessity of carrying the details of each picture in one's mind, thus enabling the tourist to devote more time to the study of the underlying thought and characteristics of each artist."

The method of "study" deduced from these two books is a model of misdirection. It is the existence of such study and such appreciation that has produced and perpetuated the school of "Mummy's Coming" and "I'se Tallest." It is a collection of anecdotes about painters and sculptors and their works, freely mixed with what Mark Twain uncompromisingly called Hogwash.

"How sweetly human are the baby cherubs? One could smother them with kisses save for the fact that their office as heavenly attendants claims them. . . . The whole picture is so full of thought, simply expressed, that one feels its influence without analyzing its cause. . . . 'The Topers' . . . shows wonderful natural power of the artist in creating beings embodying certain traits and tendencies without resorting to caricature. His sense of balance was so delicate that he never erred by a hair's breadth in tipping it too far to carry his point. There is not the slightest hint of the vulgar in 'The Topers,' yet none could mistake that the least further indulgence would be disastrous. Was there ever such color? . . . Of all the gods none has a more fascinating life story than Bacchus. . . . His 'Children of the Shell' is a beautiful interpretation of child life; in 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary' his portrayal of charity as an office of love is a splendid lesson to workers in like institutions; and in his treatment of 'St. Anne teaching the Virgin' he shows the wonderfully tender and sympathetic spirit of the true teacher. . . . We come to Ingres' 'Source.' . . . The beauty and dignity of the perfectly modelled body accord well with the severe lines in the rock; and the delicately curved limbs of the chaste maiden find a counterpart in the stream pouring from the jar on her shoulder. The purity and simplicity of theme lift one to noble thoughts and high ideals. We seem to reach the real source of goodness where all is pure and holy. The limpid pool is Nature's mirror for the lowly flower that blooms by the water's edge and the sinless child who stands by its brink!"

Gems like these flash on us from every page, to leave us with this heart-throb:—

"Your presence, my silent yet faithful fellow art-lovers, has given me such a joy in looking for What Pictures to See in Europe, in hunting out What Sculpture to See in Europe, and in our own galleries in deciding What Pictures to See in America, that I hope you will follow me next summer through devastated countries and bombarded cities, through by-ways and hedges to shattered villages and bomb-torn churches, searching out What Buildings to See in Europe. Each year in our search for the immortal things of life we come closer to each other and to God."

So the quiet stream of gush flows on, unbroken by a thought.

It is with almost a sob of relief that one turns to the third and revised edition of Mr. Witt's simple and straightforward treatise. It is a serious attempt to analyze and explain the effect—æsthetic, emotional, and intellectual—which fine paintings have upon the sensitive mind, and it might as well have been called "How pictures affect us," as by its existing title. That Mr. Witt should raise points about which conflicting views are held is inevitable—so many artists, so many schools of criticism—and the author admits as much in his first chapter. But he speaks frankly for the layman, and his views are to be respected; for, after all, the artist's widest public is a lay, not a professional one.

His book is interesting and well-constructed, and completely and adequately covers the ground indicated in his preface. And what a rest after Lorinda Bryant!

A BOSTON IMPRESSIONIST.

"Can Grande's Castle." By AMY LOWELL. (Blackwell. 6s. net.)

"CAN GRANDE'S CASTLE," written with all Miss Amy Lowell's brilliant verve, marks a swing of the pendulum towards æsthetic ideals in American literary fashions. One hears, incidentally, there is active propaganda in New York circles for the claims of "the beautiful," and that many business offices are now decorated with "inspiring thoughts from the classics." One cannot hope much indeed from any æsthetic movement that has no relation with the popular life, and hitherto the puritanic tradition, the utilitarian spirit, and the pursuit of the dollar have between them atrophied the æsthetic impulse. It is natural therefore that Miss Lowell, like most Americans in search of the beautiful, should turn her face to the old world, and construct in "Can Grande's Castle" a variegated mosaic of picturesque episodes from nineteenth-century history in Naples, Venice, Rome, England, and Japan.

Miss Lowell states that "the stories I have dug out of dusty volumes seem as actual as my own existence." The subjects that have captivated her imagination are, first, Nelson's and Lady Hamilton's life at Naples; secondly, the arrival of American warships in the Bay of Yedo, 1853; thirdly, the passage of the mail coaches along the great English highroads, 1805; fourthly, the history of the Bronze Horses of St. Mark's down the centuries. All picturesque subjects, and all told with vivid, impressionistic bravura. The attempt, indeed, to realize such scenes in fluid prose shading into *vers libre* is not quite so novel as the author seems to think. Walt Whitman elaborated a very similar method two generations back. And Miss Lowell's limitations are seen clearly if we compare her picture of the Battle of Aboukir Bay with Whitman's scene of "an old-time sea-fight" in "Song of Myself." Miss Lowell's picture is as pretty as a grand show of fireworks; things happen, ships go down and are blown up, but nobody feels much the worse. Whitman's picture, on the other hand, breathes the grim fighting spirit; the strain, the fatigue, the horror, and dying away of the action, and then the ascent to a calm climax to show us nature's illimitable, tranquil vastness as the spiritual background to warring man. But the deep soul of things is nowhere to be seen in Miss Lowell's two hundred dainty "arrangements" and decorative effects. There is spirit, much spirit, of a sort, and her impressionistic scenes have always a certain atmospheric value and a certain measure of character. But, perhaps because they are derived from literary study, and not from the sharp impact of life and nature on the senses, their character is not deep in the grain of the wood, but is a Bostonian veneer. In the dozen pages, "Hedge Island," on English roads and the English character a hundred years ago, our insular surfaces and appearances are presented adroitly enough, but the finer shades of atmosphere and feeling are lacking. Miss Lowell's imagination can piece together and visualize a generalized picture of the English landscape as seen from the box-seat of the "Comet" in 1805, but to the English sense something is wrong in the picture. What is it? It is precisely because the scene is neither individualized nor particularized, but is generalized. One quotation will suffice:—

"In the green dawn, spires and bell-towers stand up and stare at us. Hoary old woods nod and beckon. A castle turret glitters through trees. There is a perfume of wild-rose and honey-bine twining in the hedges—Northernly hedges sliding away behind us. The pole-chains tinkle tunes and play a saraband with sheep-bells beyond the hedges. Hedges of fields—square, flat, stabbed green with corn, purple with cabbages. The stable clocks of Gayhurst and Tynningham chime from either side of the road. The Ouse twinkles blue amid smooth meadows. Go! Go! News of the World! Perhaps a victory! The 'Nile' or 'Salamanca'! Perhaps a proclamation or a fall in the rate of console."

Very picturesque this reflection in the Bostonian mirror, but not it. Hoary old woods don't "nod and beckon," but lie still and deep. Castle turrets do anything but "glitter." The association of a "saraband" is quite incongruous with the sharp note of pole-chains and the intermittent tang of the bell of a feeding wether. It is a dilettante's picture, art

at second-hand so to say. And so with her ambitious picture of the Yankee ships at Yedo; it is clever in pattern, effective by its play of light on brilliant variegated surfaces, but the Japanese are animated puppets in Oriental dress, and the American sailors seem also cut out of contemporary paste-board. Perhaps this psychological thinness is natural in a poetic impressionism which aims at a gay illusion of picturesque surfaces and appearances, and one must admire the audacity which essays to visualize Venice from the days of the fall of Constantinople to the days of German "Kultur." But the feeling that Bostonian cleverness makes small account of the underlying depths of character in the life represented, and that the pastels of eighteenth-century Rome, Venice, and Naples betray no delicate gradations of atmosphere, but are bright and toneless as modern color printing, shows the fine shades of connoisseurship are absent. Without seeming ungrateful for what "Can Grande's Castle" offers one, it may be suggested that the fruit of an artist's vision only yields really fine flavor when cultivated with intimate knowledge and love in a field proportionate to the talent of its creator. Miss Lowell's vision is over-ambitious.

AVIAN MEMOIRS AND BIOGRAPHY.

"Birds of La Plata." By W. H. HUDSON. Two vols. (Dent. 37s. 6d. net.)

"Territory in Bird Life." By H. ELIOT HOWARD. (Murray. 21s. net.)

THESE two volumes are a reprint of "Argentine Ornithology" (1888-89), a reprint which, issued with fresh comment and some very careful illustrations, and omitting the late P. L. Selater's share in the original book, has been needed for a long time. For the older volume is out of date as well as out of print, and in two ways. New species have been discovered and chronicled on the one hand, and the bird-life of Patagonia and the Argentine, particularly the latter, has very sensibly diminished of late years. The cultivation of the pampas has considerably modified the distribution of life, but if this operates unfavorably towards one species, it increases the numbers of another. The main causes of the decline are the Italian immigration, which is a curse to bird-life all over the world; the plumage trade, whose main supplies, now that so many Asiatic, Arctic, and Australian populations have been shot out, are derived from South America; and the collector who cleans up after the skin-hunter. Consequently many of Mr. Hudson's pages are the glossary of a dying tongue rather than a dictionary of living speech, and no native or traveller will ever see again the vast communities of the Spur-Wing Plover with its strange three-bird sports, or the shining clouds of Ibises, rosy Flamingoes and Spoonbills, Herons and Snowy Egrets, on the marshes, or the tremendous drum-choruses of the Crested Screamer on the plains.

Mr. Hudson is the best biographer of birds the world has ever had, by which we mean that he possesses not only a genius for "observational inference," but that he writes like an artist, the rarest accomplishment in the man of science. If, that is to say, the birds between the Plate and the Negro rivers are destined to the common doom, yet they have had the good fortune of living a brilliant new life in Mr. Hudson's mind and consequently in ours, a privilege denied to most other species of wild and especially tropical countries, of which we possess numerous specimens in museums with the scantiest knowledge of the way they live. Though one of Mr. Hudson's earliest books, and showing some immaturities of philosophic grasp, yet the power and sheer livingness of "Birds of La Plata" are such that it is able to absorb us as completely as any of his books about the familiar fauna of our own country. We have no space here to refer to more than one of the fascinating accounts of separate species in the book, and though we are tempted to linger over the marvellous protective device of the Little Red Heron (*Ardetta Involucris*), which pretends to be a rush, neck stretched out and pointed to the skies, to such perfection that it is practically undiscoverable eight inches away, turning the body so as always to be face on to its seeker. But the habits of the parasitic cow-birds

(*Molothrus*) invite the most discussion among all the riches of the book. Parasitism, of course, is open to every bird that takes the wrong turning, and it is conjectural whether our starling (which belongs to the same family—*Tyrannida*—as the cow-birds) by appropriating the nesting holes of woodpeckers, wrynecks, &c., is not on the way. The curious thing is that though parasitism exists among all the cow-birds, it is extremely destructive in *M. bonariensis* and comparatively innocuous in *M. rufoaxillaris*, which only lays its eggs in the nest of a single species (*M. badius* alone), and whose eggs and young are so perfectly adapted to those of its victim that they possess no advantage over them and in consequence take none. The perfection of the parasitic instinct has here countered its injuriousness. *M. bonariensis*, on the other hand, has such a passion for egg-laying and leaves its potential young on so many doorsteps that it is a serious danger to the survival of its neighbors, as the bird of prey very rarely is. For bird-life has not yet evolved a defensive organization against an iniquitous departure which exploits the passionate maternal instinct to the destruction of its own objects. Yet the interesting thing is that there are faint signs of a beginning. There is at least one species which is so vigilant a guard of its nest that the vagabond cow-bird can rarely, if ever, penetrate it, and another which throws (at any rate, sometimes) the eggs out of its nest, a subtle development, since the bird is warring against the pressure, the practically irresistible pressure, of an inheritance riveted by millions of years.

Mr. Eliot Howard's book carries to much more debatable extremes the contentions set out in his previous and important work "British Warblers." "Territory in Bird Life" is an acute and subtle piece of reasoning, but vitiated by a far too exclusive attention to only one aspect of bird-life. It is an intensive cultivation of the part to the detriment of the whole, a not infrequent lapse of the expert. Territory, not sex, according to Mr. Howard, is the determinant of bird behavior in the breeding season. The rationale of migration and of the break-up of the winter communities of resident species is simply land-owning, a congenial obligation for the effective discharge of the process of reproduction. Each bird secures for himself a certain territory, be it large or small, passing, by a change of physiological condition, from sociability to hostility, and the securing of his bit of land is attended by the most desperate and mortal combats with other males intent on their acquisition of territory. Mr. Howard territorializes even song, and the hen-bird plays no part in all the elaborate drama of inherited function in the spring except as a kind of private to the male's captaincy.

Now there is something in the territorial theory, and the selection of individual sites for breeding purposes does play a considerable part in the biological changes from the Socialism of winter to the Individualism of spring. But Mr. Howard ruins his theory by over-statement, by running it to a standstill, and the principal reason is because he regards birds as automata, and not as intelligent living creatures. He approaches them, that is to say, as an engineer would approach horses. But birds are not the pawns of complicated biological reaction and peremptory inheritance any more than horses can be adequately summed up in terms of motor cars. The result is that his argument, in spite of its technical ability, has many flaws and unwarrantable inferences, quite apart from the very summary way he disposes of sexual selection, which every biologist of distinction now accepts. They accept it, because, compelled by the evidence, they have to accept it. If, again, territory is so closely associated with the perpetuation of the species, how can the sexual relation be bundled away into such triviality? If, again, the land-battles were of such severity, how could the species possibly survive? Mr. Howard seems to see this, for the end of his book greatly modifies what he says at the beginning. Or if the songs of birds are land-songs only, why do birds continue to sing when the land-question is no longer of any biological consequence? Trespassing again is only accidental—birds of the same species very rarely build in adjacent territories, except when they build in colonies, like rooks, egrets, weaver-birds, guillemots, &c. Is not colony-nesting social, and what would happen to the eggs of the guillemot which are laid on the bare rock within feet or

even inches of one another if the birds fought each other in the breeding season for territory? If birds migrate or wander in search of unoccupied territories, how can they be said to invade those already occupied? And it is not true to say that birds confine their food-getting for their young to a definite, circumscribed, territorial space, nor do Mr. Howard's somewhat cruel experiments prove it in the least.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Ruskin the Prophet, and Other Centenary Studies."
Edited by J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD, Dean Inge, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, Mr. Laurence Binyon, Mr. J. A. Hobson, Professor Dale, Mr. Whitehouse, and Mr. H. W. Nevins are the writers of these studies. Each one of them is good, but taken together they seem to prove the impossibility of making a composite portrait which is at all recognizable as a likeness. Genius has so many facets. We can get from Ruskin, it would seem, just the things we wish to get. As artists we can applaud his views on political economy, and as economists bow to his opinions on art. Mr. Whitehouse points out that many of the issues Ruskin raised have been settled: "Either his policy has been carried out, or it has become the acceptable foundation for social or political reformers to build upon." A reminder, surely, of the methods by which the world takes its revenge on its prophets and satirists. It will emasculate their works and give the harmless remains as toys to its children, as it did with "Gulliver's Travels," or accept in the letter what Ruskin wrote in the spirit. Ruskin's Utopia was more unlovely than the things he denounced if we have been living in it during the past six years. Perhaps it would be a better policy to reread Ruskin. With so many guides direction becomes difficult. Mr. Masefield, whose contribution is among the best in this volume, says it would be better not to blame Ruskin's theories till they have been tried. To Mr. Hobson these theories appear to be genuinely revolutionary, but Dean Inge, whom no one regards as a perfervid Socialist, can take them to his bosom also. Dean Inge traces Ruskin's debt to Plato; Mr. Masterman finds an affinity between Ruskin and Lenin. After a good round guessing game, it is, we think, Mr. Masefield who gets nearest to the heart of the matter. He says that the great thing in Ruskin is that he is an inspiration to the young and to the generous of all ages.

* * *

"Fifty Years of Travel: By Land, Water, and Sea." By FRANK HEDGES BUTLER. (Unwin. 21s. net.)

THE simplicity of Mr. Butler's narrative cannot be communicated; the book must be read to taste the full flavor. He travels over Europe, he goes to the West Indies and Venezuela, where he explores the great Cave of Guacharo, he rides on elephants in India, he kills lions in East Africa, he gazes on the Niagara Falls (we see him doing it on a photograph), he is seen chatting to Mr. George in the devastated areas of France, he founds the Royal Aero Club, and he is so fortunate as to have many obliging friends and admirers who photograph him in every conceivable country, position, aspect, and attitude, not to mention his house at Wimbledon, its grounds, his house-boat (called *Dolce far Niente*), and a very imposing wedding group in crinolines and side-whiskers. Mr. Butler, being a man of masterful personality, has founded many institutions, from Aero Clubs to Amateur Orchestras, and an instructive appendix records in full his correspondence with the War Office in 1902-3, concerning the formation of "The Balloon Volunteer Corps"—instructive, we mean, as first-hand, published evidence of the epistolary style of the War Office scribes. It is almost too good to be true. We must, however, say a word for the author's praise of the East African game preserves, recently shot out.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

WEDNESDAY.

THE country faces a gloomy Christmas. Unemployment, that grim successor of great wars, is stalking through the land, and there is nothing in the business outlook to suggest a check to his progress. Improvement seems to depend on many factors, of which perhaps the three chief are: (1) The quick adjustment of prices, retail as well as wholesale, to levels at which home and extra-European demand will revive. (2) The arrangement of some scheme to make it possible for the Continent to buy—an exceedingly baffling problem. (3) Drastic public retrenchment. It is small consolation that the present depression is world-wide and not peculiar to this country. Of City markets there is little to report, except the development of recent tendencies. Chaotic exchanges remain a stumbling-block. Commodity markets continue to tumble. Liquidation still sweeps the stock markets.

FARROW'S BANK SUSPENSION.

As to the causes leading up to the suspension of payment by Farrow's Bank it is useless to speculate at this juncture. According to the official story, the Bank is said to have been losing money for years; but, on the other hand, the dividend to shareholders was recently increased, and as lately as last August the Chairman was making a cheerful speech to shareholders at the annual meeting. What is of more consequence is the results. Farrow's Bank catered very especially for the small depositor, the man of small business and small means. So that, if serious loss ensues, it will fall upon those who are least able to bear it. But more unfortunate, perhaps, even than any immediate loss, is the psychological effect. The last four "bank failures" have particularly affected those of small means, and it cannot but be that a loss of confidence in banking institutions will result among those very sections of the population where the encouragement of saving is of such national importance. The smaller a man's means, and the less reserve he has to fall back upon, the more imperative is it that he should be accorded every facility and encouragement to save anything that he can save. The reports of the National Savings Committee shows that recent years have seen considerable progress in this matter. Farrow's Bank is small as banks go in these days of huge figures, the latest balance-sheet showing current accounts and deposits at a little over £4,000,000. In view of the wild talk that arises out of the suspension of payment by a small concern, it cannot be too emphatically repeated that the great Joint Stock Banks of this country are in a position of impregnable strength. Is it beyond the scope of legislation to devise some sort of guidance and protection for those whose lack of financial knowledge hides from them the difference between such "banks" as those that have recently failed, and banks conducted on sound and prudent lines? Is it impossible to make the qualification for the use of the title "Bank" very much more exacting?

HOME RAILS: THE COMPANIES' ATTITUDE.

In discussing a few weeks ago in these columns the high yields obtainable on Home Railway stocks, I mentioned some of the complex problems to be settled between the Government and the companies. Now the Railway Companies' Association has circulated a statement giving the companies' reply to the Government White Paper (Cmd. 7,877), which was issued last June, setting forth proposals for the future organization of the railways. One of the most important points in the White Paper was the scheme for "grouping" the companies so as to avoid overlapping and promote economies in working. The companies express approval of the principle of grouping, but take strong exception to the details of the official scheme. The companies' statement moreover contends that if a satisfactory "grouping" scheme is to be evolved, it would take at least three years to work it out and set it in practical operation. It is, therefore, suggested that, if consideration of the official grouping proposals is to be proceeded with, the Government should prolong until January 1st, 1924, the present agreements with the companies, including, of course, the guarantee of aggregate net receipts

not less than the aggregate net receipts of 1913. As at present arranged, the agreements and guarantee are due to expire next August. For some time past there has been a growing idea that this period would be extended, and this statement by the companies would appear to make it likely. In the event of the extension of the Government guarantee until the end of 1923 Home Rail ordinary stocks at present market prices would become very attractive, for the maintenance of present dividend rates would be almost assured during the period of prolongation.

THE KAFFIR DIVIDENDS.

Dividend declarations by Rand gold producers have been coming out fast during the past ten days. I show below the dividends declared in the first and in the second half of this year and last. The latest declarations make a better showing:—

Name of Company.	Am't. of Share.	Dividends declared in			
		Year 1919.		Year 1920.	
		1st H'lf.	2nd H'lf.	1st H'lf.	2nd H'lf.
		Per Share.	Per Share.	Per Share.	Per Share.
Brakpan	1	2/6	3/-	3/-	6/-
City Deep	1	2/-	2/9	2/6	4/-
Consolidated Langlaagte ...	1	1/-	1/6	1/-	1/6
Consolidated Main Reef ...	1	6d.	1/3	1/3	1/9
Crown Mines	10/-	6d.	3/6	2/9	5/-
Geduld Proprietary	1	—	scrip	1/6	2/-
Gildenhuis Deep	1	6d.	1/6	6d.	2/6
Government Areas	1	3/6	4/-	4/-	6/-
Knight Central	1	—	—	—	1/6
Langlaagte Estate	1	1/6	1/6	6d.	1/6
Meyer & Charlton	1	10/-	14/-	10/-	14/-
Modder "B"	5/-	9/-*	9/6*	6/6*	2/6
Modder Deep	5/-	10/-(t)	3/3	3/-	4/3
Modderfonteins	10/-	26/-(b)	30/-(b)	4/6	5/9
New Kleinfontein	1	—	—	—	1/-
New Primrose	1	1/-	1/-	—	1/-
New Unified	1	1/-	1/-	1/-	2/-
Nourse Mines	1	—	9d.	9d.	1/-
Rand Mines	5/-	1/3	3/9	3/-	4/3
Robinson Gold	5	5/-(k)	2/6	1/-	2/-
Rose Deep	1	1/6	3/6	2/-	3/6
Van Ryn Deep	1	4/6	5/-	5/-	8/-
Village Deep	1	—	1/3	6d.	1/6
Witwatersrand Gold	1	1/-	1/-	1/-	3/-

* £1 Shares. (t) 3s. 4½d. in cash and 6s. 7½d. in Modder Deep Shares (k) Bonus. (b) £4 Shares.

It will be seen that the dividends are generally well above the level of those declared this time last year. These latest declarations are, of course, made in respect of profits earned mainly in a period during which the premium on gold reached its highest point.

COMPANY FINANCE.

In the near future shareholders in industrial companies will have to accustom themselves to lower dividends. Many, doubtless, will, in their disappointment, think that the directors might have distributed more. Perhaps it is too much to expect of human nature that shareholders should encourage their directors to make lower distributions than the actual profits warrant. But they will do well to realize that the present conditions necessitate a very careful and conservative handling of profits. Directors who direct their first attention to building up reserves and making their financial position sound will deserve the best thanks of shareholders. The latter can at least help the directors and serve their own interests by refraining from clamoring that a larger proportion of profits should be paid out in dividends just now. A recent report worthy of study in this connection is that of the India-Rubber, Gutta-Percha & Telegraph Works Limited. In the year ended September 30th last the net profits of this Company at £73,300 were some £1,400 higher than in the previous year. Last year 10 per cent. was paid on the ordinary shares. This year an interim dividend of 2½ per cent. has been paid, but the directors defer further distribution for the moment, though they hope to make a distribution before long. That is an attitude of wise and courageous caution, for which the shareholders should be grateful in spite of their disappointment. In times like the present the policy of dividing profits up to the hilt can spell only disaster. The policy of conserving funds is unpleasant to shareholders for the moment, but they will recognize the wisdom of it some day.

L. J. R.

S. T. D. MOTORS.**SOUND FINANCIAL POSITION OF THE COMPANY.**

THE fifteenth annual ordinary general meeting of the S. T. D. Motors Ltd., formerly A. Darracq and Co. (1905) Ltd., was held on the 17th instant at Winchester House, Old Broad-street, E.C., Mr. James Todd, J.P., F.C.A., chairman of the company, presiding.

The secretary (Mr. A. A. Yeatman, F.C.A.) read the notice calling the meeting.

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that speaking as a member of a profession whose business it was to be continually examining and criticising balance-sheets, he was confident that he was only voicing the opinion of all the shareholders when he claimed that their balance-sheet was one which, the more closely it was examined, the more strongly did it show the sound financial position which the company occupied. The assets on September 30th amounted to £3,624,258, less creditors £54,047, and less final dividends £258,877, against a subscribed share capital of £2,700,000. Approximately 15 per cent. of the subscribed capital was in actual cash at their bankers at the end of the financial year. The accounts did not include any dividend from the Société Anonyme Darracq, hitherto their principal dividend-earning unit, as that company's financial year did not end till December 31st.

SUNBEAM COMPANY'S SUCCESS.

In regard to the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., of Wolverhampton, the facts relating to the recent amalgamation were well within their knowledge, and they would be gratified to know that the sanguine expectations held at the time of the amalgamation in respect to the value of that company had been more than justified. The profits had been fully upheld, and that company had carried over a sum of £90,000. Clement-Talbot Ltd., the entire share capital of which they purchased a year ago, had shown results extremely satisfactory, and considerably better than estimated for. The results of Jonas Woodhead and Sons Ltd. were also extremely satisfactory, and this was proving an exceedingly profitable investment. The Darracq Motor Engineering Company had also fully upheld its average profits, and was in the position of having a large carry forward. The same remark applied to Messrs. H. W. Heenan and Froude Ltd.

SATISFACTORY FEATURES.

The year's results had been achieved despite the conditions created by the moulders' strike and the coachbuilders' strike. The first mentioned had the most disastrous results on the production of motor-cars, but this company had only suffered to a limited extent from the coachbuilders' strike. There were other satisfactory features which had resulted from the amalgamation, and the benefits of it were becoming more evident every month. By centralization of management and of the buying and selling departments, and a general pooling of resources, they had taken a large step forward towards the only means of successfully reducing the cost of production. While realizing the extremely difficult period ahead of them, the board by no means shared the pessimism to be met with in so many quarters in regard to the motor industry. They were of opinion that, by conservative finance, they were at least in as good, if not a better, position than any other combination of interests in the industry, either in this country or any other. A great deal of the present financial trouble from which the industry was suffering was to a considerable extent the result of unscientific finance. As regarded the value of their shares he regarded them as worth quite as much as they were a year ago, but every motor-car share had fallen heavily in the last twelve months, the great majority of them very much more than theirs; in fact, it was an undoubted fact that for many months the shares of this company had held a stronger position on the market than any other share. The reason for the fall, apart from the general slump of all motor shares, is that the last capital issue resulted in a large proportion of shares being left on the underwriters' hands. The result was that a very large number had been continually put on the market by the underwriters.

The report was unanimously adopted, and the usual formal business transacted.

ἡ πτεροῦ δύναμις τὸ ἐμβριθὲς ἀγρεῖ ἀνω μετεωρίζουσα.

(Plat. Phaidros, 246, d.)

Major-General Sir Louis Jackson, at the Royal United Service Institution one day in December, 1919, Lord Peel, the British Under-Secretary for War, presiding, stated that in the coming struggle a possible incident would be the

DESTRUCTION OF THE GREATER PART OF LONDON.

(cf. Journ. of the Royal Un. Serv. Inst., Vol. LXV)

Major-General Sir Sefton Brancker stated in "The Evening Standard" (Oct. 23rd, 1920), "It seems inevitable in the future that on the declaration of war the rival aerial fleets will be at the very vitals of their enemy. The air offensive of the future will be far more rapid, far-reaching and devastating than the really wonderful offensive of the German army in 1914. We know that it was the combination of weather-conditions with a certain lack of enterprise that protected this country during the last two years of the war. Aerial transport is even now in process of eliminating the retarding influences of bad weather."

Do you want

**TEN THOUSAND BOMBING AEROPLANES OVER LONDON
KILLING YOUR CHILDREN WITH POISON GAS?**

Of course not. What is to be done? Read the "Open Letter to the Secretary of the League of Nations," in M. A. Mügge's book, "THE WAR DIARY OF A SQUARE PEG." (Routledge, London). This "Open Letter" shows a way out.

The Outlook says about "The War Diary of a Square Peg": "... the most interesting and individual of the War Books. We have read it with the keenest enjoyment..." The New Age says: "... thoroughly enjoyed the book to the end... quiet sardonic humour and merciless honesty... like our incomparable Dickens makes you laugh and cry in turns, without leaving too much sting behind..." And Dr. Frederik Poulsen, the eminent Danish scholar, writes in the well-known newspaper *København*: "... a book of great interest," and he ranks it with that of Keynes.

NEW TRAVEL BOOK:—**"FIFTY YEARS OF TRAVEL by LAND,
WATER and AIR."**

By F. HEDGES BUTLER, author of "Through Lapland with Skis and Reindeer." 89 Illustrations, Price 21/-

Obtainable at all Libraries and Booksellers. Published by

T. FISHER UNWIN.

BOOKSELLERS, CATALOGUES, &c.**BOOK BARGAINS**

Publishers' Remainders form Ideal Christmas Gifts. All new and clean as published and offered at a fraction of the published prices.

Write for Christmas Catalogue.

WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD.

265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C. 1.

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT A BOOK.

LAMLEY & CO.,

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON BOOK SHOP,

1, 3, & 5, EXHIBITION ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W. 7.

Invite inspection of their large and varied Stock.

The resort of Students and Book-lovers for Forty-Six Years.

Interesting out-of-the-way books, both old and new.

BOOKS, PRINTS, and MSS. BOUGHT, or VALUED for PROBATE,
By HENRY SOTHERAN & Co., 140, Strand, and 45, Piccadilly.
Telephone: Central 1515.
Telegraphic Address: Bookmen, London.
Established in 1816.

**PUBLIC
SPEAKING SIMPLIFIED**

Are you satisfied afterwards that you have said just what you meant to say, or do you experience that feeling of doubt that you may have failed to GRIP and convince your hearers?

"SPEAKING WITHOUT NOTES"

A Mental Efficiency Course and Method for Extempore Speaking has enabled many others to overcome their difficulties and will enable you to prepare speeches, lectures, and addresses without writing them and to develop FLUENCY of speech and an easy and masterful expression, so that you will speak EFFECTIVELY and CONVINCINGLY without notes.

The course is conducted personally by one who has trained many prominent public speakers, including preachers, lecturers, and business men. It is very quickly studied. Benefit is derived immediately and the fee is moderate.

One Student writes: "For the first time I have delivered a discourse without the help of a single note. I completely lost my old-time nervousness. No one who thoroughly studies your method can fail to speak without notes."

Write to-day for **Free Descriptive Booklet**, which tells you what others say about it.

Full particulars from

Rev. T. H. STANLEY, M.A. (Desk B),
35, Victoria Drive, Eastbourne.

THE ONE NATIONAL SERVICE

which is not supported by the State, but by
THE FREE GIFTS OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE
 is the
LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.

Over **57,000** Lives Saved from the Sea.

YOU CAN SHARE

personally in this noble and humane work by sending
 a **SUBSCRIPTION** or **DONATION** to the **Royal National
 Life-Boat Institution.**

GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A., Secretary.
ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
22, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C. 2.

**BURBERRYS' HALF-PRICE SALE**

December and January.

A CLEAN SWEEP OF ACCUMULATED STOCK
 Men's & Women's Suits, Weatherproofs, Overcoats.

NO PROFIT SEEKING.

Examples—

Weatherall Topcoats. Sale Price 4 Gns.
 Lounge Suits. Sale Price 4 & 7 Gns.
 Burberry Costumes. Sale Price 7 Gns.

SILK SALE.—Underwear, Outfit-
 ting, Night-wear, PIECE SILKS at HALF
 USUAL PRICES. All neatly Boxed.

Write for Men's and Women's Full Sale List.
BURBERRYS LTD. Haymarket
 LONDON S.W.1

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.—Large Hand Printing Press
 with every accessory; type nearly new; accept £90, or nearest
 offer; worth £130.—Apply Box 1,360 N, NATION, 170, Fleet-street, E.C. 4.

WANTED.—Copies of THE NATION for

1918.	1919.
January 1.	April 5.
May 11.	December 13.
June 26.	
July 20.	1920.
August 3 and 17.	March 27.
September 14 and 28.	
October, all issues.	
November 2 and 15.	
December 7.	

Write **E. BERNSTEIN**, 68, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

NOTE.

Communications to **THE EDITOR** should be addressed to **THE
 NATION**, Editorial Offices, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.

Communications respecting subscriptions should be
 addressed to **THE MANAGER, THE NATION**, 10, Adelphi Terrace,
 W.C.2.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Inland post free	12 months	£2 1 0
" " "	6 "	1 0 6
Foreign " "	12 "	2 3 0
" " "	6 "	1 1 6

RATES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS IN "THE NATION."

TRADE.	
Full page	£16 0 0
Half-page	£8 0 0
Quarter-page	£4 0 0
Eighth-page	£2 0 0
Smaller spaces per inch single column	£0 15 0

CHARITIES.	
Full page	£14 0 0

and pro rata.

PROSPECTUSES, Per page	£25 0 0
FINANCIAL, COMPANY REPORTS	£18 18 0
(Minimum space 23 3s. 0d.)	

EDUCATIONAL, LECTURES, BOOKSELLERS, and	
Miscellaneous Advertisements per line, per	
insertion	1 3

All communications respecting Advertisements should be addressed
 The Advertisement Manager, "The Nation," 170, Fleet Street, London,
 E.C. 4.

"THE NATION," with which is incorporated "The Speaker," printed for the Proprietors (THE NATION PUBLISHING CO., LTD.) by THE NATIONAL PRESS
 AGENCY LIMITED, Whitefriars House, London, E.C. 4, and published by BRITISH PERIODICALS LIMITED, at 170, Fleet-street, London, E.C. 4.
 All communications for the Editor must be sent to 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. 2. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1920.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE ARS VIVENDI SYSTEM
 introduces into human evolution a new principle—discovery of
 the respiratory use of the Cranial Sinuses. It is Nature's secret of
 vitality, and key to open-air Education, Health, Prevention of Con-
 sumption. Breathing becomes copious and easy, the voice full, and
 the walk buoyant. Nasal congestion specially treated without need
 for operations. Delicate children improve quickly.
Mr. ARTHUR LOWELL, 94, Park Street, London, W.1.

PINEHURST, CROWBOROUGH (SUSSEX).**Country School for Girls.**

House in grounds on edge of Moorland, between 600 and 700
 feet above sea-level.

Principal, **Miss H. T. NEILD, M.A. (Vict.)**, Class. Tripos (Camb.)
 Prospectus on application.

CROHAM HURST SCHOOL, NEAR SOUTH CROYDON.

HOUSE built for the purpose in healthy and beautiful situa-
 tion. Aim of Education—free development as individuals and
 as members of the general community; independent study; special
 attention to health and physical development. Pupils prepared for
 the Universities. Full Domestic course for senior pupils and external
 students. Principals: **Miss THEODORA CLARK** and **Miss K. M. ELLIS.**

BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE.

Principal: **Miss STANSFELD.**

Students are trained in this College to become Teachers of
 Gymnastics, Games, &c. Fees, £165 a year. For particulars, apply
 The Secretary, 37, Lansdowne-road, Bedford.

S. MARGARET'S SCHOOL, HARROW.—Girls, 8-18.
 Preparation for Matriculation. Education, with Residence, £125
 per annum; Education, without Residence, £40 approx. Entrance
 Examination, July.

S MALL GIRLS' PRIVATE SCHOOL, on modern lines.
 Special attention to Music and French. Initiative encouraged.
 —Misses Nunes and Hogan, 32, Norfolk-square, Hyde Park.

TRAVEL.**PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS.**

(For Ladies and Gentlemen.)

Feb. 4.—**ITALY.** Rome, Venice, &c. 30 days. 79 gns.
 Feb. 17.—**ALGERIA—TUNISIA.** "GARDEN OF ALLAH." 31 days.
 98 gns.
 March.—**SICILY and CALABRIA.** 35 days. 98 gns.
 Programmes from **MISS BISHOP, F.R.G.S., 159, Auckland Road, Upper
 Norwood, S.E. 19.**

GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS LTD.

Private Exclusive Tour de Luxe, Accompanied throughout, to the
RIVIERA and ITALY.
 Winter Sports at **ST. MORITZ, VILLARS, and FONT ROMEU**
 (Pyrenees), rates from £2 19s. 6d. to £13 13s. per week.
 Also **PARIS and RIVIERA TOURS.** Particulars from Secretary,
176, FLEET STREET, E.C. 4.

AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO.

IDEAL RESIDENCE. RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.
Sun Lounge. Turkish Baths. Massage. Lift.

AMUSEMENTS.**EVERYMAN THEATRE, HAMPSTEAD TUBE STATION.**

December 24, 25, 26, 29, 30, 31, at 8.15.
 Miss **ELLEN TERRY**, in **AN OLD ENGLISH NATIVITY PLAY.**
 Boxing Day, 2.30 and 8.15, and Daily, 2.30, also January 1, at 8.15,
 A NEW CHILDREN'S PLAY, **THROUGH THE CRACK.**

MEETINGS, &c.

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY ORDER OF SERVICE.—
 Mortimer Hall, 93, Mortimer Street, W. Course of Public
 Lectures every Tuesday, at 8 p.m. Songs at the Piano: **Minnie
 Williams, A.R.M.C.M.** Admission Free.

PUBLIC SPEAKING for all occasions.—**Marion McCarthy**,
 16, Hallam-street, Portland Place, W.1. Gerrard 8736.



The only Investment which does not de-
 preciate in value is a Life Assurance Policy
INSURE WITH THE
PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE Co. Ltd.

